

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

THE past week has seen no change of any consequence either in the Ruhr itself or in the diplomatic situation concerning it. The German resistance remains unbroken, and though French politicians and publicists, bent on keeping up their spirits and the level of the franc, proclaim that coal and coke is going into France in increasing quantities, all that means is that French industry is perhaps getting something like a twentieth of what came to it before January 11th instead of about a thirtieth. The plain fact is that the Ruhr adventure is as complete a failure as ever it was. M. Poincaré admitted this to the Finance Committee of the Chamber on Tuesday night when he said that "up to the present the economic results of the occupation had been of little importance." Meanwhile, two unofficial moves deserve some attention. Herr Stinnes has been in Rome, where he saw Mr. Elbert Gary and other American delegates to the International Conference of Chambers of Commerce, and also Signor Contarini, of the Italian Foreign Office. The significance of his visit lies in the fact that it followed immediately on the adoption by the Chambers of Commerce of an American resolution calling for an international conference to deal with debts and Reparations. Simultaneously Socialist delegates from this country, France, Belgium, Italy, and Germany have met at Berlin and drafted a very reasonable Reparation plan, in which the neutralization and guarantee of the Rhineland, and the reconstruction by Germany of the devastated areas, are prominent features.

THE full text of Dr. Cuno's last Reichstag speech, indifferently reported at the time, constitutes a shattering indictment of French methods and ambitions in the Ruhr. After quoting the penal regulations issued by the occupying authorities in the hope of breaking the passive resistance of the workers, the Chancellor instances case after case of brutalities inflicted, without provocation or on the flimsiest excuse, on the civil authorities in towns where French troops took possession. A policeman fatally shot for stopping a French motor-car running without lights in Gelsenkirchen, the clearing of the theatre at Recklinghausen by soldiers armed with whips, the arrest and confinement in half-lit cellars of a Mayor and other officials who declined to give information to facilitate a colleague's arrest—such, according to Dr. Cuno, are the methods by which the French have

supported the "control commission of engineers" sent in to secure the Reparation coal over which the Germans had defaulted. In pursuance of that peaceable process they had expelled in the first seven weeks 77 German transport officials, 55 postal, and 279 financial. In addition, 1,000 Prussian Civil Servants and 700 police were evicted. But that was only down to the beginning of this month. The Chancellor's figures could be vastly improved on by this time.

FOR reward the invaders have secured in eight weeks rather less coal than they would have had in two days under the existing arrangement. They have seen all other Reparation payments suddenly dry up. They have themselves incurred huge expenditure, against which fresh loans must periodically be raised. They have smitten with paralysis the greatest industrial area in the world. They have compelled not only German industry but their own railway systems to subsist on coal imported from Britain. The German Chancellor exaggerates when he declares such work has not been wrought in a civilized country since the Thirty Years' War, but the difference is more in degree than in quality. The question still presents itself: How long under such conditions can German resistance endure? The possibilities can no longer be judged by ordinary standards, for disarmed Germany has equipped herself with a new and potent weapon. Passive resistance has become something between a patriotic and a religious duty. Germany, declares the Chancellor, "has found her strong defence in the will of the free man, who abides by the law, but faces violence with folded arms. . . . The belief that territorial occupation is decisive shows an under-estimation of the spirit." Within limits Dr. Cuno is justified in his claim. The German resistance is, in some aspects, the most notable social phenomenon we have witnessed since the Armistice.

ONE of the less visible consequences of the Ruhr invasion will be the probable cessation of all university effort by about ten thousand students in the German universities. For some time now, the admirable efforts of the Wirtschaftshilfe der Deutschen Studentenschaft have found industrial occupation for numbers of undergraduates; and their work has enabled them to pay their way through college. It has had, moreover, the invaluable result of bringing them into contact with the working-class, and so to break down the barriers between the universities and the mind of Labor. This effort has been eagerly supported by the Government and the trade unions, who saw in it, and rightly, the most useful method to hand of combating the propaganda of Junkerdom. But the decline in the mark on the one hand, and the slow slackening of German production on the other, are making it impossible to find work for many. Men who are in the midst of a highly specialized training will therefore be cut off from its pursuit exactly at the point where they seem in sight of the promised land; and they are, for the most part, the men who would have done most to rebuild the fabric of German civilization. Something can be done to retrieve this loss if Englishmen are willing to give financial aid. Ten thousand pounds would keep this great work at its present level; and

there is assuredly no better means of keeping alive the most precious of European traditions—that of the international character of university life.

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FRANCE, meanwhile, is proceeding with undisguised reluctance, and with every endeavor to procrastinate till the latest possible moment, to ratify the Washington treaties. Emasculated as they were through the French refusal to consider any effective limitation on the construction and use of submarines, they impose limitations unwelcome to a nation insistent on adding naval ambitions to military. It is proposed, in consequence, to ratify the treaty limiting the size and tonnage of capital ships, but to give notice forthwith that it will be denounced at the earliest moment possible, *viz.*, December, 1934. The date is far enough away to make that particular reservation negligible. France in eleven years' time will have different rulers, and probably enough a different outlook on the world. In any case, there is little prospect that she will be in a position to finance heavy programmes of naval construction, even though she is still declining to pay interest on her foreign debt.

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M. PHILIPPE MILLET, writing in "L'Europe Nouvelle," deals with the criticisms directed in these columns against the plan of settlement he outlined a fortnight ago. The further explanations which one of the accredited spokesmen of French Liberal opinion now offers do little to dispel the suspicion that when France goes farthest towards a *soi-disant* neutral supervision of the Rhineland she is as resolute as ever that the control shall really be her own. France and Belgium, M. Millet insists, must play a predominant part in any international, or League of Nations, Commission charged with enforcing the demilitarization clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. If that is the deliberate attitude of France—and "L'Europe Nouvelle" is moderation itself compared with "Le Temps"—then this country may dismiss finally all hope of co-operation with her.

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THE Allied experts appointed to draft a reply to the Turkish counter-proposals to the Lausanne Treaty finished their work on Tuesday with the usual protestations of complete accord. The discussions, which have been kept scrupulously secret by the British and reported at length in selected Paris journals, centred on financial and economic details, all of which must now be fought over again with the Turks themselves, and problems so nice as the merits of the valley of the Maritza as a frontier. The upshot of the matter is that the "suspended" Lausanne Conference is at length to be resumed, either on the original site or at Constantinople, and with a reasonable certainty that the Treaty will ultimately be signed. Mustapha Kemal has been making speeches evincing what seems a genuine desire for peace, and another omen pointing in the same direction is the general revolt of the Turkish Press against the excessive patronage extended by Soviet Russia. The alliance between Moscow and Angora was always an unnatural one, but it militated against the conclusion of any settled peace between Turkey and the Allies. If M. Tchitcherine and his emissary Araloff carry less weight with the Turkish National Assembly than they did, the prospects of rounding off the work begun at Lausanne are correspondingly improved.

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"WAYFARER" writes:—"I saw Sarah Bernhardt in a period which was, I suppose, past her prime, and then saw little to be in love with. Voice and diction are

two of the instruments of the actor's art; they are not its soul, and the violent obtrusion of personality is its great incumbrance. But voice and diction and personality were Sarah Bernhardt; while in artists like the poetic, the divine Modjeska, no less than in Duse, they were the mould and form of their dramatic conception, not its essence. It was, therefore, no pleasure to me to hear a 'fluted' cackle of words, poured out with a rapidity and beauty of rhythm such as no human being could emulate, nor was it possible to take these delightful gymnastics in substitute for all propriety and subtlety in representation. Sarah's material, too, was mostly bad, and quite in harmony with the coarse, sensational taste of her time. I should have called her genius more Teutonic than Gallic; though Paris, in the end (and not without a long and bitter struggle), finally adopted her. She was, in fact, a 'lionne': something to see and not to see again."

\* \* \*

THERE has been a disastrous change in the temper and atmosphere of the Norfolk agrarian quarrel. The Bishop of Norwich, who persuaded the leaders of the farmers and laborers to meet at the Palace last Saturday, described them as conciliatory and reasonable. Unfortunately, both sides have since taken serious decisions of the kind that make it exceedingly difficult to snatch an accommodation at the last moment. The farmers have put themselves definitely in the wrong by refusing both the proposal of the men for a truce and the proposal of the Board of Agriculture for an arbitration. This second refusal means either that the pig-headed farmer in the ranks has been too strong for the more responsible leaders, or else that the farmers as a whole think that an impartial examination will show that their demands are unreasonable. It is difficult to speak too strongly of their conduct. On the other hand, the laborers' leaders have, in our judgment, made a grave mistake in calling a general strike. The idea of a catastrophic blow has a fatal fascination for labor leaders, and for the sake of these shock effects they sacrifice all the advantages of the division in the ranks of the employers.

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AT the conference last Saturday the farmers modified their earlier proposals. Originally they proposed to substitute for the present wage of 25s. for a week of 50 hours a wage of 5½d. an hour for a week of 54 hours, not guaranteed. At Saturday's conference they proposed 24s. for a week of 50 hours or 25s. for 52 hours or 26s. for 54 hours, the week being guaranteed. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that a strike might be averted if arbitration were accepted. A strike is bound to involve other counties (Essex, Suffolk, and Bedfordshire are clearly affected), and farmers are talking of importing blackleg labor. This dispute may therefore develop into a quarrel resembling the fierce struggle of the 'seventies. That the laborers can inflict a great deal of harm on the farmers, and that the farmers in many cases deserve it, we do not doubt. But we do doubt whether the laborers are in a position to turn a struggle begun under these conditions, after long months of underpayment, to much account. The truth is that the Labor Party has to give its brains to the urgent question of an agrarian policy, and that the laborers must look for permanent rescue from their intolerable lot to agrarian reform.

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THE Education Estimates for the year are typical of the temper of the time. Wherever it is essential to maintain at all costs the services that a modern State regards as fundamental, there has been a mean and cheeseparing



economy. Practically two and a half millions are taken from elementary and higher education, apart from a reduction in local grants of nearly three-quarters of a million. At a moment, that is, when everyone has agreed that the limit of safety has been passed we are to suffer further economies in the name of a Government devoted to the interests of a class which will not suffer therefrom. We are not now to have an entrance fee for admission to the British Museum, but the reduction of its estimates by £8,433 includes a cut of £4,000 in purchases, which is of peculiarly serious moment. But the most dangerous evidence of the victory of Geddesism is in the cut of £20,000 to the Department of Scientific Research. Mr. Amery can have his battleships and £11,000,000 for a new dock at Singapore. Sir Samuel Hoare is to have an additional million for the Air Force. But the service upon which the future of our civilization depends is to be cut to save the cost of a single aeroplane. The reduction looks small, but it is practically one-tenth of the whole grant. It means less for physiology, less for physics, less for chemistry; and this at a time when our pre-eminence in these studies is more dependent upon these subsidies than at any previous period. The "economy stunt" never served us worse than when it attacked, with characteristic ignorance, the services upon which the very quality of our civilization depends.

THE National Maritime Board decided on Tuesday to reduce the wages of seamen and catering staffs by £1 a month or 6s. 6d. a week for men on coasting vessels. A downward revision in the scales of pay for navigating and engineer officers was also agreed upon. No announcement of the amount of the cut for these men was made. The original demands of the Shipping Federation, it was reported, were a reduction of £2 a month for seamen and from £3 to £4 a month for officers. This claim evoked strong protests from the men at the ports—hence the compromise. The negotiations recall the fact that one of the seamen's organizations, the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union, is in effect a unique body. It is not merely unrecognized, but its members are discriminated against by reason of an agreement between Mr. Havelock Wilson's Sailors' and Firemen's Union and the Shipping Federation, under which the Federation members employ exclusively men who are supplied with a special ticket from Mr. Wilson's union. The irony of this situation is heightened by the fact that the Marine Workers' Union is affiliated to the Transport Workers' Federation, from which body the Sailors' and Firemen's Union has seceded.

WASHINGTON is displaying a rather embarrassing capacity for the discovery of mares' nests. First there was the announcement that Great Britain was developing the efficiency of her capital ships by structural alterations incompatible with the Washington Treaty. That canard, having been officially denounced by the British Admiralty, was withdrawn, after suitable apologies, by the State Department. Next came the vote by Congress of considerable sums for increasing the range of American naval guns to keep pace with a British increase which, while not in contravention of the Treaty, was held to change materially, so far as fighting efficiency goes, the 5, 5, 3 ratio agreed on at Washington last year. Once more the Admiralty has produced the necessary denial, declaring that the alleged elevation of guns has neither been effected nor contemplated. Consequently President Harding, as commander-in-chief of navy as well as army, is expected to direct that the appropriation for American gun elevation be not spent.

Finally, the assertion, for which the Secretary of the Interior took responsibility, that this country, by a proclamation signed by Lord Salisbury as Secretary of State for India in 1884, definitely excluded America from the oil business in Burma, has in its turn been officially withdrawn as baseless. The discovery that Lord Salisbury was not Secretary of State for India at all in 1884 appears to have suitably impressed the State Department.

As was expected, the Legislative Assembly in India has forced a constitutional issue by declining to adopt the salt-tax sent back to it by the Council of State. It is reported that in consequence the Viceroy has certified the tax as "essential for the safety, tranquillity or interests of British India." That would be a singularly unfortunate course for Lord Reading to take, and if he has, in fact, taken it, the House of Commons, before which his ordinance must in the ordinary way be laid, would be justified on broad grounds in declining to approve it. The possibility of more summary action still, the Viceroy bringing the tax into immediate operation as a matter of emergency, can hardly be seriously considered, though Indian correspondents have discussed it as actually imminent. It is much to be regretted that the Legislative Assembly should have rejected the Government's appeals to make the Budget balance, and the argument that because there was a deficit last year there can quite well be one this, is manifestly fallacious, in that it means piling debt on debt. But this particular tax, even though it brings in £3,000,000 a year, cannot be held to be essential to the safety of India, and the Viceroy would be gravely embarrassing the moderates in India if, on the eve of the elections, he insisted for the first time on using his prerogative to cover a relatively inconsiderable deficit in the Budget.

AN Irish correspondent writes:—

"The constitutional status of the Irish Free State will be fertile of action and counter-action between the Dominions. A sign of this is the lively interest taken in Ireland in the circumstances of the Canadian Halibut Treaty and the evidence from Ottawa of a similar interest in the Irish constitution. When the Canadian Government overbore Sir Auckland Geddes's resistance and successfully insisted on the solitary signature of M. Lapointe, the Canadian Press hailed the new Treaty as the first-fruits of a virtually independent treaty-making Power. If this is an overstatement it has still more of the logic and facts on its side than the conservative criticism and explanation. The King appears to have unreservedly taken the advice of the Canadian Government, who sought the issue of full powers to its representatives. Meanwhile, Major Power, a Quebec member, has brought forward a resolution inviting the House of Commons to affirm that henceforth Canada, except in case of invasion, cannot be committed to participation in war without the authority of her Parliament. The occasion of the resolution derives from Mr. Lloyd George's recent action towards Canada in the Near Eastern imbroglio, but the text of the resolution is the text of Article 49 of the Irish Free State Constitution. These matters are followed attentively in Ireland. The difference of opinion on the Anglo-Irish Treaty arose in part from some misconception of the extent of the implied powers flowing to Ireland from it. The difference between Document No. 2 and the authority exercised by Mr. Lapointe in the course of his day's work becomes the shadow of a shade. Add Sir Clifford Sefton's programme and it virtually disappears. Such events may smooth the way to peace in Ireland, of which steadily maintained optimistic reports deriving from the South of Ireland and from, it may be assumed, Republican sources, are still current this week. The presence of Monsignor Luzzio in Ireland will add some popular credit to these rumors. The journey to Rome of two Republican envoys of protest was apparently skilfully availed of by the Holy See to send Monsignor Luzzio to Ireland on what is described as a private mission which does not exclude peace objects."

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE NEW RACE IN ARMAMENTS.

"La France est avide de paix. C'est pour empêcher la guerre de renaître qu'il faut non seulement être pacifique, mais être en mesure d'empêcher les velléités belliqueuses des autres de se manifester. Il faut donc être fort si l'on veut éviter le renouvellement des hostilités dont nous avons tant souffert. Seule la crainte de nos forces dissuadera nos voisins de troubler la paix." (Tres bien!)—M. MAGINOT, MINISTER OF WAR.

LAST week's discussion in the House of Lords on the state of our Air Force has awakened deep disquietude in the minds of all who realize the imminent peril of a renewal of the competition of armaments—a sure precursor to war. Debate in the proper sense of the term there was none. After the admission by the Duke of Sutherland that on the present building basis the French machines would be four times the number of ours by 1925, and that £35,000,000 *per annum* would be needed to raise our Air Force to the French standard, the House resolved itself into something of the nature of what is known in religious circles as "an experience meeting." Our weightiest Peers expressed their deep concern, with an unconvincing testimony to our unbroken and unbreakable friendship with France, and an equally unconvincing hope that something could be done.

But what could be done nobody was prepared to say. Lord Salisbury, indeed, seemed to think that an inquiry by the Committee of Imperial Defence, with a recommendation to the Government, was doing something. Lord Grey was most alarming. England is no longer an island for modern war purposes. An air force, such as France possesses, can be put in operation immediately, and could work fearful havoc in a country like ours with dense town populations within easy access.

"Things have gone on since the Armistice getting more and more uncertain, and I really think we are on the brink, as regards Air Force certainly, of a new competition in armaments, unless there can be produced some sense of general security in Europe."

Have we any policy conducing to a sense of general security? We see France acting as disturber of the peace in Europe, and we watch complacently with folded arms, pretending that a favorable hour may come for useful mediation. Is there any reason to suppose that France, committed more deeply, dangerously, and expensively to her German invasion, will be more likely to welcome our friendly offices to drag her out? Our Government cannot believe so unreasonable a proposition, and does not. But what is the alternative for her and us? France will go on spending on her forceful policy the money of her thrifty citizens, with the money she owes us and America, in her futile endeavor, "avide de paix," to purchase peace by force. For the speech we quote from M. Maginot is an accurate register of the ruling mind in France. Only a permanent superiority of force in France can safeguard that pacific country against the warlike proclivities of her neighbors.

Now, it is a hitherto accepted principle of foreign policy that any one strong nation can force the pace in armaments for all the rest. Is this war psychosis of France to ruin the possibility of internationalism as a guarantee of peace and security? The answer to this critical question rests for the time being not with France, but with us. It is, indeed, a trial of faith. France is too wholeheartedly committed to her gospel of force to withdraw. But are we to allow her to drag us into the competition of armaments? When we hear Lord Grey insisting that, unless a general security in Europe can

speedily be got, "it will be impossible for any Government in this country to hold its position, unless it can show that, as regards aircraft, we are able to secure the defence of the vital parts of this country against all possible attack," we know what to expect. From this time forth the bombing airship will get upon the nerves of our people. Our patriotic Press will see to that. An irresistible demand will produce supplementary estimates for aircraft, and will divert to this purpose the not inconsiderable surplus which our Chancellor designs for debt reduction, together with the three millions just filched from schoolchildren, and any other Civil savings that can be squeezed out. Nor will the trouble end there. Why have we allowed our air force to sink so low? was the question mooted last week in the Lords, and the reply, half in pride, half in shame, was that we had sacrificed security to financial honesty. We paid our bills and met our annual costs out of revenue, while France left her bills unpaid and borrowed to meet deficits. Seeing that, by general consent, we stand already at the high limit of taxation, it is manifest that, if we are drawn into the competition of armaments, we shall be driven down the same financial road to ruin.

But must we compete with France in aircraft? Only if we are rightly convinced that her aircraft is a direct menace to our safety, and that we can do nothing to persuade her to amend her ways. Now, in one respect the speeches in the Lords appear to us to indicate an excessive national self-consciousness. The suggestion that we are the only rational objective for a French air force disregards the actual French mind, which is continually fed by new alarms about secret arming in Germany and the possibilities of a German-Russian war alliance. For France a powerful air force means primarily the possibility of pouring bombs on refractory German cities. It belongs to their policy of "security." The fact that Germany is defenceless in this, and every other arm, does not count in the confused mind of France, where hate, fear, suspicion, pride of power, and greed are the ingredients. The "Temps," in its comment on the Lords debate, draws the conclusion that, instead of entering on an air competition, it would be preferable for the two countries to strengthen their entente, in order to meet the dangers that threaten them in common. There is no ground for giving a sinister significance to this advice, or for converting it into the doctrine "Be my brother or I will kill you." Absurd as it may seem to us, the German bogey still haunts the mind of France, and her air force is a product of this fear.

The real lesson is the need for a courageous pressure for general reduction of armaments, in conjunction with a pact for mutual defence, accomplished through the League of Nations. Unless this whole issue is brought before the coming meeting of the League Council, the League will be doomed henceforth to the futility of a Petty Sessions for the settlement of third-rate issues between third-rate Powers, wholly and admittedly impotent for the great pacific tasks for which it was designed by its makers. Our chief difficulty in approaching France is the attitude of self-righteousness which we seem always to assume. Even in this issue of comparative armaments, the French have quite a specious case, as General Maurice has pointed out. In military economies, taken as a whole, France has, relatively to the 1914 standard, achieved larger reductions than we have. The German menace on the sea having disappeared, and command of the sea being no longer an adequate protection for us, why should we continue to demand a naval supremacy of the present dimensions? Let us take our courage in both hands, and, instead of holding



France's coat while she stones Germany, put in a bold plea for a just and peaceable settlement of the European situation through the League, with the accompanying offer of large Reparations secured by international subscription which would then be feasible. It is possible, at any rate, that America, appealed to for help now in doing this big thing, would not refuse, and would, at any rate, reply "If Europe will produce the peace, we will help with the money guarantees."

For us the matter assumes the gravest urgency. For unless we apply our public resources without delay to a vigorous endeavor to draw France into a pacific policy, we shall, without doubt, be drawn again into a competition of armaments even more disastrous than that preceding the late war. In fact, we shall not only deliberately recognize that there is wrath to come, but shall prepare so to direct the wrath that when it does come it will put an end to industrial Europe and its communities.

### PAN-AMERICA.

In the course of the first Assembly of the League of Nations, the Canadian delegation to Geneva entertained at dinner the whole of their colleagues from the Latin American Republics. It was Pan-America—and a Pan-America fully conscious of itself—without the United States. At Santiago this week there has opened the Fifth Pan-American Conference—Pan-America once more, but this time without the Dominion of Canada. No one can pretend that Canada is as conspicuous an absentee as her great neighbor, and though a motion to invite her definitely into the Pan-American partnership is on the agenda, it is unlikely that so interesting a union between the British Empire and the Latin States will be achieved.

But if Canada is absent from Santiago the United States is present. The United States, its traditions and its historic policy, are indeed the dominating factors at a Conference which may change the orientation of the States of the American Continent for all time. It is thirteen years since the Pan-American Conference last assembled, and the delegates met now at Santiago after that interval are faced with issues which their predecessors at Buenos Aires in 1910 never even imagined. The United States has been among the foremost belligerents in a primarily European war. Brazil and Bolivia, Peru and Uruguay, and other lesser Latin American States were with her in the fight.

What the war began the peace completed. The fact which beyond all others differentiates the Pan-American Conference of 1923 from that of 1910 is that of the eighteen Latin Republics in the Western Hemisphere sixteen are members of a world League of Nations, a League, moreover, from which the greatest of all American Republics stands aloof. That, it is abundantly evident, is to be the central problem of the meetings at Santiago. On the face of it the Monroe Doctrine has been broken through. European interference in American affairs was not merely acquiesced in, but courted, when Argentina and Brazil and Chile and the rest signed a Covenant which gave the Council of the League of Nations the right of intervention between American disputants at the instance of a State that might be European or African or Asiatic.

Between Latin America's attitude towards the United States and towards the League of Nations there is a close connection. Suspicion of the predominant partner

on the American Continent drove the lesser States, and among them Republics as considerable as Brazil and Chile, with alacrity into a League whose moral and material weight might form an effective counterpoise to the influence of Washington. Roosevelt's *coup* in Panama and the intervention of Washington in the domestic affairs of Haiti and San Domingo, Cuba and Nicaragua, have lent some color to the question put suggestively by a well-known Argentine publicist, whether the classic aspiration "America for the Americans" really means any more than "Latin America for the North Americans." That question should be answered at Santiago.

But it is the other and greater question, of how far Latin America is to turn to Europe and away from the United States, that lies at the root of the Santiago discussions. At present the rival tendencies are in open operation. The Latin American States are, with few exceptions, members of the League of Nations. Two of them are represented on its Council. A Chilean, Señor Agustin Edwards, was President of its last Assembly, and it is not without significance that he has also been chosen to fill the chair at Santiago. Yet the pull of tradition is strong, and when Peru and Chile decide to carry the Tacna-Arica dispute to arbitration, it is to Washington, not Geneva, that they turn. It is to Washington, similarly, that the Central American Republics betake themselves to formulate agreements on arbitration and armament reduction.

Everything, therefore, might seem to point to the development this month at Santiago of a decisive trend, either of Latin America away from Europe and the League of Nations or of the United States towards it. But it is doubtful whether events will actually so shape themselves. The Latins are established too firmly in the League to be prepared to forfeit a position manifestly advantageous. On the other hand, if Washington moves towards Geneva it will hardly be by way of Santiago. More probable is a half-conscious duplication on the American Continent of much of the machinery already called into being to fulfil the purposes of a League which, while it serves the world as a whole, still operates mainly in Europe.

How likely that is, the agenda of the Pan-American Conference indicates. There is, in the first place, to be "consideration of measures tending towards the closer association of the Republics of the American Continent, with a view to promoting common interests." There is to be discussion of a practical plan for the limitation of armaments, military and naval. There is to be "consideration of the best means to give wider application to the principle of the judicial or arbitral settlement of disputes between the Republics of the American Continent." Other items, dealing with the abolition of restrictions on the movement of raw materials, co-ordinate action in the realm of health, and Customs regulations and procedure, emphasize the apparent disposition of America to do for herself on her own American soil what the League of Nations already attempts for the world on the shore of a Swiss lake.

But the crux of the Conference, and at the same time probably its key, is the clause providing for consideration of questions arising out of an encroachment by a non-American Power on the rights of an American nation. Here is the Monroe Doctrine formally on trial. Does the personal declaration of Washington's fourth successor retain its religious force a hundred years after it was first enunciated? Have the Latin States broken away from it in sending delegates to Geneva and

authorizing Geneva to intervene, should need arise, in American affairs?

The attempt to answer those questions at Santiago may well lead on to an interesting compromise. Can America remain within the League and yet within the Monroe Doctrine? To a large extent she can. The Covenant of the League of Nations provides expressly for the maintenance of regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine. It is certain, moreover, that regional agreements regarding such matters as armament reduction will be recommended. The Treaty of Mutual Guarantee now before the League's Council and Assembly expressly provides that in this matter each Continent shall be self-contained. The case for a Latin American League within the League is therefore strong, though some valid arguments could be invoked against it.

Whether the Latin Americans will move towards that solution depends largely on the lead they receive from Washington. The United States is well aware of the importance of the issues, though it has so far given no clear indication of its line. But it is hard to divest of all significance President Harding's decision, on the eve of a Pan-American Conference preparing to consider the judicial settlement of American disputes, to carry the United States of America into a world court of justice which numbers among its judges one citizen of the United States and two of Latin Republics. However that may be, there is a good deal to justify those American writers who see emerging from the Santiago Conference a "regional understanding within the League." The position of the United States in such a case would be a matter of singular interest.

In any event, the Santiago Conference means international co-operation, and the world cannot have too much of that. The countries participating represent, apart from the United States, no great mass of population, but they represent enormous future possibilities. Both in what its soil produces and what it conceals South America commands uncomputed wealth. It is attracting from Europe the immigrants whom the United States keeps out, and its development is being carried forward apace. Its political tendencies can no longer be a matter of indifference to the world.

### THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

THE boundaries of London government have long been without relation to the needs they contain. Where the functions concerned involve unity of purpose, no existing authority possesses the necessary powers to enforce either uniformity of policy or concerted action. The Royal Commission on London Traffic found the present position intolerable on that account. The Committee on Unhealthy Areas came to a similar conclusion. The Committee on Wholesale Markets reported that a single authority ought to control them. So, too, with the fire brigade, the dock and riverside roads, the water supply, housing, and main drainage. The area controlled by the London County Council has long since been recognized as artificial. It is the product of historic conditions which no longer have relevance to its problems; and if the latter are to be dealt with efficiently, it has long been clear that the minimum area compatible with adequate government is the present Metropolitan Police Area.

What is wanted, in fact, is that the L.C.C. should be merged into a greater authority covering that larger

field. Below it, in a federal relation, would be the local authorities governing at least their present services, and probably undertaking larger functions. But where there is now chaos, there could be co-ordination. Where, as in the supply of electricity, for example, the need is for a centralized control, the multiplicity of the present arrangements could be terminated. The region could be planned as a whole. The perspective of Poplar would govern the payments of Hendon. There would be an end of those unreal areas like Middlesex, which have no rationale except an historic name. At present the settlement of these problems of area proceeds upon no sane plan. Plymouth is allowed to absorb Devonport, but Liverpool is prohibited from including Bootle. No reason can be assigned for the separate administration of Manchester and Salford, if Birmingham is to govern parts of Warwick, Stafford and Worcester. It is evident, in fact, that the methods of local government are a ruinous chaos. They relate to a period when the incidence of population was utterly different. They are built upon a theory of functions—especially of rating—that we have ceased to accept. That is why the failure of Lord Ullswater's Commission to frame a really adequate scheme is a disappointment of a serious kind.

For to declare, as the Majority Report declares, that the present system will do, is to miss every feature of that system as it works in practice. The Majority Report, indeed, is as plainly against the weight of the evidence received by the Commission; it does not even pretend to deal with the crucial points made by Mr. R. C. Norman for the County Council, and Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Sidney Webb for the Labor Party. They demonstrated the impossibility of performing certain functions adequately within the present areas; and all the Majority has to say is that the bulk of the present authorities do not want a change, and that they do not feel the new system would be cheaper. But we cannot surrender necessary revision because Kent and Surrey are antiquarian-minded; and important as may be finance, adequate performance of a service like the public health is still more fundamental. The theory of Lord Ullswater that the existing authorities might agree by conference upon a uniform policy is contradicted by the whole experience of the last thirty years. For wherever agreement seems to imply an increase in rates for one of the conferring authorities, efficiency of service becomes a secondary problem. Of course, Richmond and Barnes are content with things as they are; but unless they are controlled by an authority which considers their relation to the needs of Stepney and Tottenham, it is patent that the government of the latter, in any creative fashion, becomes impossible.

It is the realization that this is, in fact, impossible which gives its value to Mr. Donald's Minority Report. He sees that what is imperative is first, the creation of a new area, and second, the government of that area by a magni-competent and directly elected body. It is fundamental at the outset to do away with the present chaos of *ad hoc* bodies; the whole improvement of local government, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb have shown in their great historical survey, has come from the perception that the necessary interrelation of functions involves the magni-competent body. Only such a solution permits the destruction of the superfluous and overlapping authorities that have been the curse of London government; and it is the one way of securing the proper local



consolidation of services. The central authority, in such an institutional pattern, would control the functions which are clearly central in nature: transport, town-planning, housing, main drainage, sewage disposal, education, water supply, and public health are the main services involved. And it is not the least benefit of this solution that it immediately goes a long way to the equalization of rating. When the cost of these central services is borne by a common rate for the whole area, the special needs of the poorer districts in out-relief, local sanitation, and street maintenance can be properly met, as they cannot now be met, out of an Equalization Fund for the whole area.

It is important to realize that such a system as this at no point involves the destruction of the local authorities. Many of the functions they now perform, they would, in this new dispensation, retain. In such a service as education, they would manage the local schools; though anomalies like the present differences of scale of salary in what is in fact a single area would be removed. The local authority would take over, as the Maclean Report recommended, the work of the obsolete and anomalous Boards of Guardians. And there are, as Mr. Herbert Morrison pointed out to the Commission in his admirable evidence, a variety of new duties the local bodies could usefully undertake. They could well enforce the Shops Acts of 1912 and 1913. They could regulate massage establishments and advertisements. They could protect infant life as under Part I. of the Children's Act. They could administer the Midwives Acts and register Maternity Homes. Wherever, in fact, any service demands for its proper functioning a detailed local knowledge, it could be devolved as to that detail upon a local authority. So far from the new central authority destroying the importance and power of the localities, the services the latter would undertake would assume new weight and dignity. The traditions they embody would become creative in a way that is now impossible. Where there is no need for uniformity, they would be free to work out their own ideas. But they would no longer be able, as they are now able, to impede the development of the region as a whole.

The government of London, indeed, is only part of a far wider problem which will, sooner or later, have to be tackled as a whole. The areas of local administration have ceased to correspond with the functions they have to perform. The problem of borough amalgamation is at present a dark and dusty litter, the mere facts about which are known only to a small body of Parliamentary agents who hold up the community to ransom whenever an inquiry is held. The degree to which the bond of neighborhood is real, the size at which an area ceases to have an effective common consciousness, the problem of making the different areas elastic enough to be combined differently for different problems—all these require a far more thorough investigation than they have received. The Ministry of Health could hardly attempt a greater service than inquiring into the whole structure of which it is the apex. It would do well, too, to make research into its own relations with the local authorities. If it could persuade men like Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Graham Wallas, Mr. Henry Hobhouse and Sir Cyril Jackson, people who have spent all their lives at the problem, to consider it in all its bearings, we might have a document as vital as the Report of the Commissioners of 1835. We need a new Benthamite movement in local affairs; and the inventiveness it could proffer would not come a moment too soon.

### THE FUTURE OF KENT.

It is high time that plans were being laid for the future development of Kent. For Kent, of which most of us think as a garden, is going, before long, to become an industrial centre. Some eighty years ago the great geologist Sir Henry de la Beche threw out the suggestion that there was coal in Kent, and it is now known that an extensive coalfield is concealed below her smiling orchards. Professor Stanley Jevons gave a description of its resources in his well-known book on the "British Coal Trade." The development of this coalfield may incidentally help the miners out of one of their difficulties: the difficulty that there is not room in the mines for all the men who want to be miners. As this development proceeds, the local industry will reap all the advantages of Kent's geographical position. Kent is at London's door: she is nearer to many of the leading Continental ports than the ports of shipment of the North or of Wales; she will supply ships' bunkers for the shipping in the Straits of Dover, and she may generate electricity to be transmitted to London in bulk. Moreover, the discovery of coal in Kent is all the more important because she has extensive ironstone beds. In the days when iron was smelted with charcoal, and Kent was covered with forests, Kent was the chief home of the manufacture of iron. When coal took the place of timber, Kent lost this advantage, but with the development of her coal resources she will be able again to develop her rich and extensive ironstone beds, and to develop them on the great scale of modern industrial methods. Thus the industrial revolution will come at last to Kent, with all its opportunities and all its perils.

Unless we take precautions we may soon find, as the "Architects' Journal" points out, that these discoveries have loaded us with another Black Country. If that happens, we shall go down to history as a people and an age that had lost all power of controlling life, all sense, indeed, of the meaning and beauty of life. For this time there would be no excuse. We cannot plead ignorance or want of warning. Our ancestors were in a sense surprised by the industrial revolution. It had small beginnings: it came upon a people without experience, with an obsolete Government unable to understand what was happening or how this new power could be restrained or directed. The thinkers of the time were all, or almost all, steeped in the individualism of Bentham. They had a theory of politics which served an admirable purpose as a solvent of the superstitions that preserved government by privilege and custom, but as a guiding plan for the life of a society it was fatally deficient. Roughly speaking, we may say of it that it regarded a State as a collection of wills rather than as a society; that it gave no place in life to what Mazzini called collective intuitions; that it left imagination out of its reckoning. Consequently the industrial revolution was allowed to take its course as if man's life had only one aspect and one purpose: the satisfaction of his desire for gain. Neither beauty, nor order, nor good government counted against the claims of profit, and the towns that sprang up under the shadow of the industrial revolution symbolized by their hideous and degrading appearance the uncontested rule of this new master. It would have needed in any case great qualities of initiative, foresight, and judgment to protect the English people from this new danger. It was the misfortune of the time that most men who thought about it, and had some public spirit, were under the influence of a philosophy that disabled them for effective action. When the new towns had been created under these conditions, and men saw them for what they

were, a curious fatalism followed the first confidence. The results of confidence and fatalism were painfully alike. The politicians of the 'forties and 'fifties thought that this squalor was the price civilization paid for industrial progress, and that it was impossible to prevent it. Southey remonstrated with this view, arguing that a large anthill is as well ordered as a small, and that there was no natural law which made it impossible for a large town to be clean and tidy, but most men threw up their hands in despair. So industrial England became what it is.

If the future of Kent is left to the ruling of these commercial forces, history will repeat itself. If Kent becomes a second Warwickshire, it will mean that we deliberately prefer this kind of landscape and setting for our life, or else that we dislike it, but have not enough vitality and imagination to protect ourselves. In the one case our taste, in the other our feebleness, will make us the contempt of succeeding ages. But Kent has an excellent object-lesson before her eyes. We have referred previously to the admirable work done by the Doncaster Regional Committee. Public-spirited men of imagination drew attention to the importance of providing in time for the expected development of the Doncaster coalfield, and the scheme\* which was published last year is the result of the conference and negotiations they set on foot. What has been done in Yorkshire can be done in Kent.

The local authorities concerned in the Doncaster scheme were the Doncaster Corporation, six Urban and two Rural District Councils. These authorities met in January, 1920, at a conference convened by the Ministry of Health, and formed a Joint Town-Planning Committee. They instructed Professor Patrick Abercrombie, of Liverpool University, and Mr. T. H. Johnson, a Doncaster architect, to prepare a plan. A passage in the Introduction gives the general idea in the minds of the authors:—

"It is no longer possible, one hopes, for a single city of the numbers and density of Leeds or Sheffield to come into existence; and one contemplates with only less horror a town equal in population, but with its people spread out at the rate of fifty to the acre. Instead, there should spring up in this region ten or more communities—new, or so changed as to rank as new, towns complete in every respect, but of moderate size, manageable in their loose texture. Central to these, but in no sense dominating their individual existence, is to be a city, neither swollen nor tentacular, but, in the truest meaning of the word, metropolitan. For major pleasures, for higher studies, for contact with great art—dramatic, musical, and visual (which includes architecture, painting, and sculpture)—the inhabitants of the surrounding communities would have, within easy reach, this focus of civilization. Agricultural land, small holdings, allotments, and ample space for playing fields, would form the natural matrix to these human and industrial aggregates, cementing them together and at the same time keeping them apart."

The whole region has been planned and mapped out on this idea that industry is to serve all man's needs instead of perverting his whole life. One low-lying zone is to be allocated to industry, another to agriculture and industry. A regional Drainage Board is to be established; pit-heaps are not to be allowed, and the height of buildings is to be regulated. Sites are chosen for important roads and building lines; places where new railway stations are needed are noted; plans are suggested for improving waterways, and certain parks and villages are to be preserved for their natural beauty. Of one of these places the authors write as follows:—

"Here (Sprotborough) the outcrop of magnesian limestone has been cut through by the Don, forming a gorge of extreme beauty. This, combined with the park and village, with its remarkable church, should be

preserved as they are; the only change allowed should be the bridge, which will ultimately be required for carrying the Ring Road across the valley. The greatest care should be taken that this bridge does not destroy the beauty of the scene, and it is only necessary to point to Telford's suspension bridge across the Menai Straits in North Wales to show how artistically such an engineering feat can be accomplished. . . ."

In the case of a number of picturesque villages they suggest that when these places are found on important traffic routes the main stream of traffic should be carried beside them by means of a bye-pass. Most of the programme can be carried out by town-planning schemes, the different authorities co-operating and accommodating one another. If our industrial development had been regulated in this spirit from the start, some of the most beautiful of English country would have been saved from its worst humiliations, and the social life of the nineteenth century would not have filled Dickens and Ruskin and Morris with despair. The case of Kent is as pressing as the case of Doncaster. We would suggest that the Minister of Health should summon a conference of the chief local authorities for the county to discuss the situation.

## Life and Letters.

### A SURVIVAL OF REASON.

FIFTY years ago last Tuesday a little book was published by Macmillan called "The Childhood of the World." It ran only to 118 pages, and on the cover was a picture of a six-year-old girl of the period, fast asleep with her doll beside her, both leaning upon a skull, while in the distance stood a cromlech or Druid circle, and the sun rose over low hills and sea. The picture was, of course, symbolic of the contents. In it we see the ancient star that we call the Sun; the less ancient sea and hills of the planet Earth; the skull of less ancient Man; the less ancient form of religion; the still less ancient doll; and at the present extremity of all these amazing developments, the latest form of mankind in the little girl, with the neat dress and stockings and boots, and hair strained back by a comb, all in the accepted fashion of fifty years ago. Edward Clodd, a young City clerk, who had just been made Secretary to the London Joint Stock Bank, wrote the little book for the use of his children, and wrote it in a style of transparent simplicity such as any child could understand. Within its brief compass it gives some account of the stages in man's progress, both on the material and spiritual sides. The children, or other readers, are told of man's first tools, of fire, cooking, pottery, the earliest dwellings, the first use of metals, the early division into shepherds, farmers, and traders, the growth of language, writing, and counting, the early migrations, and the instances of decay among certain races. Then come the story of man's mental questionings; the myths of sun and moon, eclipses and stars; man's early ideas about the soul; the growth of magic, witchcraft, fetish-worship, idolatry; the various forms of Nature-worship, polytheism, dualism, prayer, sacrifice, monotheism, the belief in a future life, and the appearance of sacred books.

It is noticeable that this first edition and the early subsequent editions (for the book sold with great rapidity) are pervaded with a definitely deistic belief. We read of God who gave man the tools wherewith to work, namely, the five senses; of "the smiling sunlight of God playing over the face of the world"; of God who gave

\* "The Doncaster Regional Planning Scheme." (Hodder & Stoughton and University Press of Liverpool. 10s.)



man the power of creating names and words; of "the guiding hand of God, Who will not leave to itself the world which for His own pleasure He has created"; of God "Who is called our Father, and is better, more just, more loving, than the best fathers can be"; of an Almighty God "of Whom it is not true that He is checked or hindered by another power, but Who speaks through the Voice within us," though He has given us the choice of good or evil. The whole book is written in this tone of definite piety and religious belief, nor can its entire sincerity be doubted by anyone who knows the author's later works. Edward Clodd was, indeed, brought up by his Suffolk parents for "the Ministry," and in his knowledge of the Bible he remains probably unsurpassed by any bishop of to-day.

Why, then, did the little book create so much stir at its appearance—a stir of exultation among some, but of violent wrath and dismay among others? Max Müller wrote to the author: "I read your book with great pleasure. . . . Nothing spoils our temper so much as having to unlearn in youth, manhood, and even old age, so many things which we were taught as children. A book like yours will prepare a far better soil in a child's mind, and I was delighted to have it to read to my children." The "Spectator" wrote of it as "a first essay in a work which will have to be done":—

"Children will have to be taught about the prehistoric ages according to the discoveries of science. And it is not to be disguised that this means *not* according to the first chapters of Genesis. . . . It should be added that it is expressly a religious book. The story is told as the account of a world planned and sustained by a Divine Creator."

Professor Tylor, from whose "Primitive Culture" the little book was partly derived, wrote in "Nature":—

"The need (for the book) is all the more felt because so many of the topics treated are among those where both theology and science put forward claims to speak with authority, while the adjustment of these claims has been mostly attempted by the class of writers who may be called reconcilers. But educated people now distrust the method of these writers as vitiated by foregone conclusions, and it is more and more felt that the great problems of humanity must be dealt with by men who do not shape their evidence, but let their evidence shape them. Mr. Clodd, at any rate, is no reconciler. It is evident that his religious feeling has come into real union with his positive knowledge."

Many, on the other hand, regarded the simple and pious little work with religious apprehension. The "Glasgow Herald," for instance, wrote that, "Though Mr. Clodd had no lack of literary ability to present his matter in an agreeable and interesting form, he had deliberately contrived to make his little volume as objectionable as possible." It was a time of violent statements, often due to fear, and we must remember that when Seeley's "Ecce Homo" appeared, only six years before "The Childhood of the World," the gentle philanthropist Lord Shaftesbury denounced it as "the most prelatial volume ever vomited from the jaws of hell."

The whole cause of the excitement was that, in the "Spectator's" words, Edward Clodd followed the discoveries of science, and these were not in accordance with the first chapters of Genesis. After fifty years that old controversy has died away, as controversies of that kind usually die. We are now faced by questions of far deeper import for mankind than the beautiful legends of primitive mythology, and we feel towards that battle of long ago very much as Sir Alfred Lyall felt towards the heated controversy between Huxley and Mr. Gladstone

over the Gadarene swine, when he wrote to Edward Clodd:—

"The disputants might have been better occupied, and I think no important controversialist now thinks himself bound to adopt the demonology of the first century. I doubt whether even the patristic writers of the third or fourth centuries took it literally, and I imagine that the whole question so treated is practically obsolete."

But to understand the spiritual distress caused by a book of such piety as the early editions of "The Childhood of the World," we must put ourselves back to the position of thoughtful and religious people fifty years ago, when they were confronted by the sudden and astonishing advance of the natural sciences, chiefly under the inspiration of Darwinian methods, while at the same time their flank was turned, as it seemed, by the new developments of Biblical criticism and comparative theology. In front came patient Darwin, with Huxley, his fervid apostle, at his side; on the flank came Jowett and Mark Pattison, and the other writers of "Essays and Reviews," declaring their intention "to interpret the Scripture like any other book." The very edition of Edward Clodd's little treatise which is before us reveals in its list of advertised books how stirring was the time. Here we find books on physiology and general science by Huxley, on chemistry by H. C. Roscoe, on physics by Balfour Stewart, on botany by Hooker, on astronomy by Airy and Norman Lockyer, on geology by Archibald Geikie, and on anatomy by St. George Mivart. Among the other names in the same list it is interesting also to read those of Matthew Arnold, "Lewis Carroll," Mr. Gladstone, Edward Freeman, Jebb, Charles Kingsley, Francis Palgrave, Coventry Patmore, Christina Rossetti, John Seeley, "Tom Brown" Hughes, Walter Besant, Baring-Gould, and Anthony Trollope. All these famous names in one publisher's list! People who sneer at the Victorians, where will they find a list to beat it now?

Of that list Edward Clodd is very nearly the only survivor. He grew up in a remarkable age, and he has steadily and without flinching carried its great tradition forward. As Tylor said of him, even after reading that early deistic work, he has never been a reconciler, and more and more with the years he has tended to the strictly scientific path where reason and experiment are the only guides. In his essay on Bishop Butler, included in those "Essays and Reviews" above mentioned, Mark Pattison wrote: "A truthful mind is a much rarer possession than is commonly supposed, for it is as easy to close the eyes of the mind as those of the body." Edward Clodd has never closed the eyes of his mind. That is proved by the latest edition of "The Childhood of the World" (1914), for the book has been entirely rewritten and enlarged; while the rather crude deism of the original work is omitted. But it is equally proved by his series of scientific publications upon folklore, myths, various forms of early thought and religion, and by his recent exposures of spiritualistic absurdities. When one remembers that for sixty years he worked regularly as a clerk in the City, the mere amount of his scientific labor is remarkable. He is now almost the last of the school of explorers in the last century roughly called "Rationalist" or "Agnostic." Perhaps they put too much faith in the power of Reason among mankind, for we have learnt that Reason is the rarest influence by which men are guided. But in matters of scientific knowledge, Reason remains the only guide we have, and Edward Clodd has, without deviation, followed her wherever she led. Superstition has met no more resolute enemy, and now, though his long contest must, unhappily, be nearly over, the effect of it remains, like the traces of

a pioneer who has cleared a waste of jungle. No one has received a finer reward in the high esteem and friendship of the most distinguished men in science and literature within the last fifty years, as may be seen in his own volume of "Memories." For, indeed, he has been rightly called "the friend of genius and the genius of friendship." To speak no evil of the dead is a kindly though dubious rule, but that need not exclude the recognition of the living when it may be given to such a pertinacious disciple of reasoned knowledge, such an incorruptible nature, and such a humorist at the same time.

### THE COLOR OF THE HEART.

THE closer we view Nature the deeper are her mysteries, and the student who spends his life in turning her pages (tearing them out is the naïve way of some) finds at the end of it that they were but handbooks to a further literature unread. But at least he knows why so many trees and bushes put on silks before the homespun cloths of labor, flowers before leaves, and court the winds of a yet distant spring. To our ancestors the sacred hazel was impregnated with the substance of life and grew in the Gaelic Paradise, as "the running blackberry," to one modern poet, "adorned the parlors of heaven." And here, on one Devon bough in the third week of February, the leaf-buds had quickened with the yellow catkins and the beautiful crimson "buds" of the female flowers. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, but they are the rough-and-ready chaplains of hazel and willow, poplar and willow, and there must be no coyness and hiding in corners from them. The cohorts of the willow were already gleaming with silver and gold, and they stand less upon tradition, for bees (the first humble bee I saw abroad was on February 17th) will do as well for them as winds, and winds as bees.

The appearances of many of the early flowers are less accountable. Too much risk with weather they must not take, lest they die unmarried ere they can behold bright Phœbus. But they must keep open door and hang out tavern signs of yellow, white, and blue for the first few insect customers abroad before the fair is in full swing and their gay invitations might be overlooked. It seemed as though those single plants which had stolen a march upon their fellows of the same species—Alexanders, the coarse but rich umbellifer with broad, shiny leaves and heavy heads of greenish-yellow flowers, a flower fond of sea-air; white dead-nettle and yellow archangel, with spotted crimson lip to add a touch of rouge to its attractions; field forget-me-not, not only out with a "Marry me," but looking after its seeds; pink campion and the beautiful starwort, or greater stitchwort, like a bride indeed; ivy-leaved toadflax; "mother of thousands," and so in need to hurry out among the crimson buds of the valerian on the crumbling village walls; three geraniums, dove's foot, long-stalked, and herb-robert, and not a few others—had thus flowered out of a greater boldness of unconscious balance and judgment as much as through physical hardihood, favor of situation, and other causes. But how explain a pink honesty and a vernal squill with interruptions of the heavenly blue along the petals and at the base of the corolla, like a blue sky with fleecy-white clouds? For these, found along a hedgerow bank, were truants from some garden. Primroses, celandines, and violets were abundant in the copses and hedgerows and at the edges of the sap-green velvet carpet of the meadows, an "amorous" green of

exquisite quality in the twilight against the darkening trees. But these lonely adventurers, those I have named, and speedwell, heartsease, ground ivy bloomed with dew on the hairs of leaves like the iridescence on a dove's breast, and others, were like individual spirits of their nations, advancing upon and wresting new territories from the winter, and dreaming one day perhaps of joining forces with equally daring brethren of the late autumn on the other side of the unpeopled barrens. And yet how tiresome to us corrupted mortals would be an ever-flowering land! The first flowers are twice themselves for being first. A Devon February is, indeed, in two minds, a month of delicacy and violence, with acres of fairy primroses and the dripping wind baying and nuzzling like a lost dog at the cracks of the door. The road half-way through the village had the north hedgerow in the lee of the upward slope well in spring, with the young shoots peering through the weathered roof of the bramble, honeysuckle, goosegrass, and other plants in new leaf, and even a few morning stars of blackthorn; while the south, facing the sea and cresting the downward slope, was bare.

The yellows, whites, and blues might wave, but they were not the badge of the young Spring. She is not there, nor even in the green of the primrose and the wild daffodil, for her soul is red. One middle February day, I found pimpernel and field poppy in flower, and I thought how inappropriate are those fiery, sensuous reds of summer to the spiritual graces of the early year. Lifting my head, I could see the red marl and sandstone cliffs of Devon, cornelian red infused with ochre, running in a mighty curve towards Start Point, towards the burial-place of the redde man of Paviland. Now when the Aurignacians buried their tall Cro-Magnon chief, they stained him with red oxide of iron, because he was not dead but sleeping. It seems (so say the modern antiquaries) that the Cro-Magnons believed that the heart was the seat of life and controlled the distribution of the blood. Blood was the vital force, or an expression of it, and when a man died it was from loss of blood, a desiccation of the vital force, so that if he were painted red, one day the sleeping hero would be restored and come to life again, like Charlemagne and Barbarossa. And the root of the matter is there, so close is primitive myth to natural phenomena, however twisted in the application. The undersides of the leaves of certain spring plants—wood-sorrel for instance—are reddish, a coloring matter which has the power of retaining the red light rays which pass through the green cells unabsorbed, and transforming them into heat-rays. The red pigment is, as Grant Allen called it, a machine for turning light into heat; it is a very magnet of the sun, and right symbol of the sacred fire of life, as the yew with its orange-red bark that ever renews itself is the symbol of deathlessness. The color of life is red.

A plant common enough in the South and West, but rare elsewhere in England, is the wild madder, the only British member of the genus. It grows very abundantly on the chalky uplands, twining and trailing among the cliff hedgerows like honeysuckle and bryony, with whorls of dark evergreen leaves, stiff and barbed, thrusting out their lowering growth at intervals along the bristly stems. And from the axils, often at right angles to the trailing stems, sprang forth vertical shoots of an intensely bright, joyous, and holiday green, like a parable or some old heart-moving tale of hope springing out of wintry days. The wild madder was an advertisement of the seasonal march and would not be missed, and held in it the spiritual heart and true mystery of spring—the tender madder color, the red that goes on one side towards brown, and on the other



towards pink and rose, and is to the scarlets and crimsons of the later year exactly what spring is to summer.

It is in the early spring alone that these shy and delicate reds can be seen at all, before the flowers and foliage hide the springs of life, and in her blue eyes and white flesh and yellow hair we forget her more beautiful veinings. Veinings indeed, for madder runs along the stems of dogwood and woodspurge, elm twigs and branches, and the rosy shoots of the young bilberry. The buds swell within their scales, and in the shafts of the declining sun the tree-tops and the hedgerows glow with that haunting and inward radiance, their melody of birth that steals into one's being like the whisper of some more fragile but more abiding world than ours. And there are sudden, more intimate apprehensions. The final leaves of the honeysuckle are touched with a madder purple; the scales of the ripe alder catkins are rosiely flushed with madder red and a richer, warmer ruddiness; not rufous or chestnut, but madder, is the unfolding leaf of the sycamore, almost transparent against the light. And as though Nature rose up in the early year and walked over the dreaming earth, taking with her a box of magical and precious ointment, subtly distilled of pink and red and brown, wherewith to anoint her plant-children and restore them to life, even as the sleeping chief was smeared with the color of life, rose-madder are the minute, fresh shoots of the bramble, hidden deep in the earth at the roots. Red may well serve us as a symbol and expression of the vital force, but madder is a spiritual color in itself, the soft, immaterial glow of heaven that lies about the infancy of spring.

H. J. M.

## Letters to the Editor.

### "LIBERAL REUNION."

SIR,—Mr. C. F. G. Masterman has "no intention of fighting Labor." Neither, it appears, have "hundreds of thousands of present Liberal voters." On the other hand, it is pretty clear that Labor has no such pacific intentions. It means to fight Liberalism as hard as it can so long as there is any Liberalism to fight. From the Labor point of view the only difference between the Liberal and the "other enemy" seems to be that the latter is a man who stands up to the attack.

What is Mr. Masterman's vision (and that of those hypothetical "hundreds of thousands") of the future of Liberalism? A pathetic entity predestined to be kicked about the countryside perpetually between Toryism and Socialism, but consoling himself for his sufferings by the reflection that he is, if not in alliance, at least in general sympathy with the latter? Briefly, it won't do. Mr. Masterman and others who think with him will have to think again. If not, those "hundreds of thousands" will begin to tire of the kicking and look about for other doctrines and other leaders.—Yours, &c.,

COLBY BORLAY.

Authors' Club, 2, Whitehall Court, S.W. 1.

SIR,—I have read with growing irritation the letter of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman in your issue of the 17th instant. Here is a movement which most Liberals profess to welcome, and which Mr. Masterman and some others lose no opportunity of scorning and criticizing on every occasion. During the past month or two I have attended a score of Liberal dinners, meetings, &c., private and public, at every one of which I have heard speeches by various speakers, great and small, who never fail to point out, either by inference or insinuation, what wonderful Liberals we are of the Independent Liberal Party, and what miserable specimens the other wing is composed of. Mr. Masterman, with smug

complacency, describes the National Liberals as cast-off ladies, and wonders how we can make them "honest women." The whole thing is repulsive and sickening in the extreme, and one gets very tired of it all.

I hope my own Liberal record is clean and will bear investigation, but I do trust I shall keep quiet about it, and not assume an attitude of Pecksniffian superiority to all those who have not always agreed with me. Is there any one of the leaders of Liberalism in the country to-day, either in home or in foreign affairs, who has not made mistakes? Is there any one of us in the Party who has not made mistakes? Why, then, continue these recriminations? They serve no useful purpose and damage the future prospects of the Party. Let us keep silent with regard to future action when we do not agree, unless a vital principle is involved, and let us praise good speech and noble action wherever we find it.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

34, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W. 7.

### THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

SIR,—In last week's issue Dr. Harry Roberts complains that my two articles on the "Science of Medicine" (March 10th and 17th) "refer merely to the limitations of the doctors." He asks me to publish the "secret" which enables me to cure so-called chronic incurables.

If he reads my articles more carefully, he will see that I give the whole "secret" when I point out that:—

1. Each case must be treated as a different disease, and not, as heretofore, under a common name;
2. Each drug must be studied for its difference from all others, and not, as heretofore, for its similarity to others;
3. Diseases, to be cured, must be treated by those actions (of drugs) which cannot be explained, and not, as heretofore, by those actions that can, such as their chemical, physical, or bactericidal actions.

That is the whole secret: I have nothing up my sleeve. But surely the above principles should be worth testing when, through them, such things as endarteritis, cancer, thrombosis, &c., have been cured by medicines alone, all so absolutely impossible to every other way of handling drugs!

I am not at all surprised at opposition in the face of proof, for I remember that, when Pasteur sought to teach ignorant people bacteriology, he was strenuously opposed for years because he was not a legally qualified doctor—about as logical a reason for refusing scientific knowledge as the color of his socks might have been. Now statues are erected in his honor by the very class that persecuted him.

If Dr. Roberts can communicate to those who dictate the medical curriculum his laudable anxiety to acquire curative-drug knowledge, I shall be prepared—on their invitation—to address them on the subject, and to show how all serious diseases may be cured; but dissertations on drug-action would be inappropriate in the columns of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.—Yours, &c.,

RAPHAEL ROCHE.

6, Fernshaw Road, Chelsea.

### PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND PURITANISM.

SIR,—To an unprejudiced mind it would appear that the chief difficulty that confronts the application of scientific thinking to the study of human character is that most men of science who attempt this task are themselves suffering from the "Puritan Complex." The Puritan is haunted by the ghost of a major premise with the dictates of which human behavior must be logically squared. Under such an obsession the old theologians, in the interests of the demon of orthodoxy, tried to annihilate or convert the variations of heresy. Similarly, the modern psychologists find themselves haunted by the demon of "normality," and endeavor to hunt down or cure the abnormal variations of character. In so doing they overlook the fact of facts that there is no standard of normality. There are widely varying arrangements of the same mental elements. Human nature is composite. The words "normal" and "abnormal" are merely convenient terms for distinguishing one class of mind from another; but they are as dangerous to use as are the terms "regenerate" and "unregenerate" when used by a small assemblage of strict Nonconformists. In each case

the mind that uses such terms has a fixed idea of its own as to what is normal and orthodox, and what is thus, logically, abnormal and unorthodox.

If a Puritan applied his maxims of discrimination to a flower-garden, he would be everlastingly trying to convert all his roses into the form and fragrance of his favorite rose; and he would regard the other flowers (when he came analytically to examine their chemical properties) as alarmingly abnormal products of the same ultimate constituents. Where the rose was the type of orthodox normality, it would be regarded as positively unnatural to be a hyacinth.

We seem to be suffering in England from a paralysis of the imagination. Instead of seeing wonder and charm in individuality, we first distrust its sanity, and then we either describe it as unnatural, abnormal, or, after looking inside, we say: "It is a sex complex." If one were to examine the machinery of a musical-box, it might seem odd that it could produce such manifold and illogical results as the "Soldiers' Chorus from 'Faust'" and "Ave Maria." Yet it does; and we rather enjoy it, even though Gounod may have been a suppressed sex complex himself, and thereby, like universal human nature, produced simultaneously Te Deums, Masses, ribald songs, funeral marches, and drinking choruses, to the utter confusion of the Puritan mind, who felt that such a state of mind must be unnatural, abnormal, unorthodox, and in need of immediate repair and conversion.

Instead, it is merely natural, normal, and orthodox to the universal nature of Man to produce endless variations of some original theme. Psycho-analysts simply demonstrate that beneath the surface the human musical-box is a mass of associated complexities—wheels within wheels. Human experience testifies that the result is a gorgeous efflorescence of melodies to suit every taste. By all means let the old box play "Glory, Glory, Alleluia"; we all love it. But let it continue to play unchecked all the ribald songs without which the human spirit could not bear the monotonous burden of civilized life.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR R. L. GARDNER,  
British Chaplain at Ostende.

## Poetry.

### TYBURN TREE.

O TYBURN Tree, O Holy Cross,  
O Tree of Life that springs from loss,  
Tree putting forth new leaves,  
To Thee come all the gypsies and the thieves;  
With Thee transfuge shelter take;  
Of Thee the ballad-singers make  
Songs without end;  
Villon kneels before Thee,  
O Lofty Tree  
(Not his to ascend).

O Tyburn Tree, to Thee so green  
Barefoot comes the Catholic Queen;  
And Martyrs torn with whips  
(*Nota Tibi devotio*)  
Saying with meek lips:  
"Amen: even so."

O Tyburn Tree,  
To Thee in Thy fresh April leaf  
(*Fides Tibi cognita*)  
Comes the Good Thief.

O Tyburn Tree,  
Thieves, rhymers, Martyrs come,  
As to their Home,  
To Thee;  
And I with these.  
O Royal Root  
Of flowers and fruit,  
When Thou dost bear Thine oranges,  
Remember me.

R. L. G.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

TUESDAY.

IN the short week before Easter City men's minds are mostly thrown forward to the holidays; but those who cast them backwards and review the course of financial and economic events in the first quarter of 1923 will go for their holidays with mixed feelings. So far, the year has been robbed of its predicted good fortune by the failure at its outset of a Reparations agreement, while the French advance into the Ruhr is already seen to have checked the trade improvement which was setting in fast at the close of 1922. Stockbrokers, however, can look back on a fairly active quarter and go holiday-making with the complacent thought that the check to trade recovery means the prolongation of the period of cheap money, and that Stock Market conditions are such that any cheerful event in the general outlook would be likely to let loose an activity in investment and speculation which at present does not quite develop.

The rush to borrow before Easter continues, and a formidable array of prospectuses faced the public over the week-end. Of outstanding importance is, of course, the British Government's issue of £15 million 4 per cent. Ten-Year Treasury Bonds at the price of 94½, on which the flat yield is £4 4s. 8d. per cent., and the yield allowing for redemption in ten years is £4 14s. per cent. A 4 per cent. Bond issue was not unexpected, and the proceeds will assist to meet the obligation of the heavy line of Bonds maturing on April 1st. It is still probable that very easy monetary conditions will rule early in April, but the prospects of extreme ease are lessened by this Treasury Bond issue and its rapid over-subscription. Incidentally, the Treasury Bond prospectus throws one gleam of light on the Chancellor's Budget intentions, for the Bonds now offered are free of Corporation Profits tax—a provision that would hardly have been inserted had Mr. Baldwin intended to remove that inequitable duty in the coming Budget. The Federation of British Industries has been pressing for its removal.

### MONEY AND EXCHANGE.

As mentioned above, a continuation of cheap money is commonly expected; but those who count upon it cannot afford entirely to overlook the course of money rates in the United States. Federal Reserve discount rates there have been raised to 4½ per cent., and there is talk of another move upward to 5 per cent., some further check on credit expansion following on the big rise in commodity prices being a possible event of the near future. It is argued in some quarters that if this takes place, a rise in money rates here will be necessary. This eventuality cannot be wholly dismissed. The influence of the course of commodity prices and money rates upon the course of the quotation of sterling in New York is too obvious to be labored. So far as the past few days in the Exchange Markets go, chief interest has centred in the movements of the French franc, which, after its rather dramatic recovery of last week, suffered severe relapse and then recovered again. The agreement reached between the Bank of England and the Bank of France with regard to the debt due by the latter to the former had some influence on the franc quotation; but the principal cause of last week's striking recovery appears to have been speculation based upon a rather curious wave of blind political optimism, especially in the United States, where an idea seems to have got abroad that the Ruhr affair was nearing its *dénouement*. As this unfounded idea is dispelled, by speeches such as that just delivered by Dr. Cuno, the only logical expectation is that the franc will decline as fast as the vigorous efforts of France and her friends to support it permit. The German mark remains steady, and apparently is expected to do so for some time to come. Throwing one's mind back to the state of affairs this time last year, it is rather curious to reflect that for some time past the steadiest of the depreciated currencies has been the Austrian crown. This is an outward and visible sign of the steady and successful progress made by the League of Nations' Austrian experiment.

L. J. R.





## THE ATHENÆUM

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## The World of Books.

A FORTNIGHT ago Mr. Middleton Murry, in the course of an article on psycho-analysis in these columns, spoke of the isolation of the "neurotic" from the general social life of his fellow-beings. From the moment that the individual pushed himself out of the safe cocoon of theocracy, from the time of the Renaissance, that is to say, neuroses sprang upon him and hurried him still further from intermixture with the ordinary run of mankind. Not all neurotics are artists, but all artists are neurotics, "with the added gift of expression"; and neurosis itself is "maladjustment to the social demand," the discomfort and even misery of which are countered by the artist taking refuge in an ideal creation. And humanity, sick of its own "deadly average," turns to the artist, as it turns to the sword-swallower, to appease its cravings for something outside the daily round, the common task.

Nor always, for it will turn not only to hear, but, when he threatens the real with the force of the ideal, to rend him. But this strengthens rather than weakens Mr. Murry's contention, and I think that if we can rid ourselves of the unfortunate associations of the word "neurotic" and stick to the term "maladjustment to the social demand," there is a profound truth in what he says, which throws a new, rather green, light perhaps upon the history of literature since the seventeenth century. I think it begins with the Jacobians, but not with the Elizabethans, so that Shakespeare may be said to have had one foot in and one foot out of the world. With the "Metaphysicals," who are the seventeenth century, the artist was acutely, self-consciously isolated from the community. Vaughan may have fought in the Civil War as a hot-headed youth, but in color of mind, and finally by conviction, he was a pacifist:—

"Lord! what a busie, restless thing  
Hast Thou made man!"

And again:—

"He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,  
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have.

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest  
And passage through these looms  
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest."

This is a fundamental attitude in Vaughan, and indeed in all the "Metaphysicals," and it clearly separates mankind into two species—Vaughan and the unintelligible mass. I do not think that a sense of superiority or arrogance comes into it at all. These poets regarded mankind rather as a conscious and solitary dor-beetle might regard a beehive.

DONNE mixed with the world, but not as a poet, in which his sole preoccupation was the wonderful adventures of his own mind. Thoughts were to him the crowd about him, and even bodily passions went into the intellectual laboratory. Flecknoe's finest poem is "Invocation of Silence"; the sombre and lonely soul of Fulke Greville expresses itself in "O wearisome condition of Humanity"; King, even though he was a bishop, can find little better to say of man's life than that it was "a weary interlude," and of his energies that they were "ill-busied"; while Cowley, the Dryden of his age and a pillar of it, says that if all the fools and all the wicked were to leave "the monster London" it would shrink to "a village less than Islington." "O Solitude," he writes:—

"first state of human kind!  
Which blest remained, till man did find  
Even his own helper's company.  
As soon as two, alas! together joined,  
The serpent made up three."

And the genial Wither, who loved company and rubbing shoulders with all and sundry, found himself more at home with flowers, which "have spirits far more generous than ours."

THESE examples are so many blades of grass in a field; I dwell on this century because of the extreme revolution of its artists from the undifferentiated mass, from the real into the ideal. The next age felt the inevitable reaction, but the pendulum did not swing nearly so far as its previous curve warranted, and if the Johnsons and the Addisons took the main road, the Smarts and the Collinses and the Savages took the lanes. And with the nineteenth century "maladjustment" cropped out again as a hardy growth, a perennial indeed, since there has been no sign of a return to the partial conformities of the eighteenth century ever since. The very last thing Wordsworth had cause to say (as a poet, not as a leader-writer in verse on the "Morning Post") was "The world is too much with us"; and if Tennyson made a desperate attempt to mingle with the throng, Arnold, as representative of his age, wrote the great poem of maladjustment—"The Scholar-Gipsy":—

"and we others pine,  
And wish the long, unhappy dream would end,  
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear  
With close-lipp'd Patience for our only friend."

AND so to-day the artists, the cranks and freaks of the community, are still clutching the inviolable shade. Some of them mix with one another; some are patronized by the rich; most of them are dragged into the marketplace of periodic journalism with divided hearts. Personally I think, and I have no doubt Mr. Murry agrees with me, that the sense of beauty is a common heritage, and that the common participation of this sense rather than equality of income is the real brotherhood. But this sense has no chance to survive the cradle in this age except among a few outsiders, as it did survive it in the Middle Ages, cruel and tormented as they were, when the artist was an elder among younger brothers. And so between the artist (artists in soul as well as in expression) and the rest of the community there is a great gulf fixed; and so it is and so it will remain, with all the unhappiness of too much loneliness and individuality on the one hand, and too little on the other, until England becomes a very different thing from what it is now.

H. J. M.

## Reviews.

## RELEVANCY.

**Fantasia of the Unconscious.** By D. H. LAWRENCE. (New York: Seltzer. \$2.)

THINGS in this life are not wholly fortuitous. As we grow older we come to have faint glimmerings of the inevitability of all our deep experiences, and perhaps to wonder whether there is not in our self—strange, mysterious, intractable reality—some potency that imposes its law upon the cosmos and summons out of the circumambient universe the phenomena it needs. And we might even speculate, with an instrument more cunning than our intellectual mind, whether as we advance by painful degrees to the full possession of our self we do not, in living fact, come nearer to an absolute existence, an actual sovereignty over the universe.

The thought is probably not new. As we grow older we also find that thoughts, as thoughts, never are new. But a thought, as a thought, is not worth twopence. It has value only as a living and a lived reality. Some dark process in ourselves mysteriously kindles a kindred process in events outside us. There is a meeting, a flash, a sudden change; and the dust of the glorious combustion drifts into our waking mind. We call it a thought; but it is only a symbol, an evidence of the whole occasion of its birth. With that reference it is organic and vital; without it, it is dead and meet for burial in an encyclopedia.

And perhaps already the thoughts of these two paragraphs are ready for burial. The young men are without to carry them away. No matter; they shall stand as a short-hand minute of some process of combustion within me. That process has its reality. But how to convince my reader of it? There is no way, it seems, except to reproduce the conditions of that minor conflagration—to give some bald and partial account of them.

A fortnight ago, my reader may remember, I reviewed, or declaimed on the nominal excuse of, a mighty volume by Jung. Psycho-analysis is not my line. Perhaps some readers may have felt this. But I had been told by a friend that the book was imminent, and that if I wished to understand what Jung had done, and where he had got to, now was my chance. I took it. I read the 640 pages with diligence, and reached the conclusion that psycho-analysis was bankrupt. From the clinical side it had touched the great modern problem of how to live, and it was as impotent before it as the modern Church or any other institution to which men turn in their need. Even I myself had long passed, or long been aware of, the stagnation-point reached by psycho-analysis. And I could think of two or three men among my own friends who knew all that Jung knew and more. Any man who feels the literature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in his bones, who knows intimately within himself of what potencies and knowledge and desires that literature is the expression, knows more than Jung. I cannot say how many such men there are. Sometimes it seems they are few; so much of what is written, with the best intentions and by men of indubitable talent, is so abysmally irrelevant to any vital issue whatever. One is forced to the conclusion that the people who know the meaning, the plain, straightforward significance of Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Whitman, Tchekhov—to take a titan handful of the giants—are to be numbered in tens or dozens at the most. Either that, or we journalists have learnt that we must be irrelevant to make our living. I daresay we must. We shall see.

What I am writing now, whatever it may be, is not irrelevant. Shortwinded, inconsecutive, inconclusive, perhaps, but not irrelevant. Well, I had seen with my own eyes the nakedness of psycho-analysis. It had done something, of course. On the one hand, it had made some people conscious of the problem—let us call it, unrhethorically, the problem of maladjustment. (A great deal of very explosive stuff can be shut up in that handbag.) On the other hand, it had helped to destroy the notion of individual responsibility—that a man must answer to his Self for himself. The man is in a bad way: he is suffering from sex-suppression. Release the suppression. Yes, and what then? The chamber is swept and garnished, and the seven devils enter in. It

is the merest tinkering with life-values. The doctor who meddles with the life-stream, no matter how stagnant and self-corrupting it may be, has to face the old, old question: "Sir, what must I do to be saved?" "Physician, heal thyself!"

The Bible comes in handy. It always does when we are not being irrelevant. Let our view of the Christian solution be what it may, it was a solution. It chained the devil up, but it recognized the devil. And there we are. The old, old question is heard on every side. Were it not for the rattle and roar of the mechanism of "civilization" it would be heard as a wail unparalleled in history. "Sir, what must I do to be saved?" Not Jung, or Dean Inge, or Mr. Shaw, dares to say "Believe on me." It's utterly out of the question. Whatever conspicuous abilities those men possess, it is not the ability of compelling belief. That is a sort of bigness they never can possess. Yet that is what the modern world is looking for—someone in whom it can believe. Its efforts are pathetic, comic even.

Of course, having got so far, I must have someone up my sleeve myself. Not exactly; not yet. But I can give a hint. There is a possibility that Mr. D. H. Lawrence . . . I hear it coming: "Oh, but didn't you in these very pages, eighteen months ago, passionately denounce Lawrence as an enemy to civilization?" I did, and I meant it. Lawrence seemed to me to be lost in the murky depths. I have never felt so passionately angry against any book as I did against "Women in Love." I know why. Lawrence was deliberately plunging into the abyss, down, down into the depths, far, far away from the light of the intellectual consciousness. I hate abysses. But I also know that big men do have to plunge into them if they are to bring up something new. Really new, not a clever, empty rearrangement of the old parrot-ideas, without passion or potency.

In "Fantasia of the Unconscious" Lawrence produces a new and living thing. He sets himself to answer the old question: "Sir, what must I do to be saved?" And, for my own part, I believe his to be a true answer. There is a great deal about plexuses and ganglia and nodes and polarization. Whether that is, in fact, true, I do not know, and it would not matter in the least if a physiologist came forward to demonstrate that it was all balderdash, just as an astronomer will doubtless prove that his notion that it is we who keep the sun going is nonsense. I know what Lawrence means by it all, and I believe that what he means is true. And, anyhow, it's a gorgeous book to read. It is a draught of pure life, bubbling from the living rock. It is the work of a man. "It is the most important work," say the publishers, "which has appeared since Nietzsche's 'Zarathustra.'" They are nearer to the truth than most publishers manage to be. Amended to "the most important book of the 'Zarathustra' kind since 'Zarathustra,'" it is true.

Here is a page of it that anyone can understand without knowledge of the context. He may be able to feel in it the quality of immediacy and living truth:—

"To be alone with one's own soul. Not to be alone without my own soul, mind you. But to be alone with one's own soul! This, and the joy of it, is the real goal of love. My own soul, and myself. Not my ego, my conceit of myself. But my very soul. To be at one in my own self. Not to be questing any more. Not to be yearning, seeking, hoping, desiring, aspiring. But to pause and be alone.

"And to have one's own 'gentle spouse' by one's side, of course, to dig one in the ribs occasionally. Because really, being alone in peace means being two people together. Two people who can be silent together, and not conscious of one another outwardly. Me in my silence, she in hers, and the balance, the equilibrium, the pure circuit between us. With occasional lapses, of course: digs in the ribs if one gets too vague or self-sufficient.

"They say it's better to travel than to arrive. It's not been my experience, at least. The journey of love has been rather a lacerating, if well-worth-it, journey. But to come at last to a nice place under the trees, with your 'amiable spouse' who has at last learned to hold her tongue and not to bother about rights and wrongs—her own particularly. And then to pitch a camp, and cook your rabbit and eat him: and to possess your own soul in silence, and to feel all clamor lapse. This is the best I know."

That is just for the quality of the thing. Mr. Lawrence is not telling us all to become gipsies or live on rabbits and beans.

And it happened that this book dropped into my hands just as I was burrowing my way to the surface of Jung. And I knew that the sequence was not fortuitous. Into the dry



and deadly, the positively tindery atmosphere left by Jung, came the bright spark of Lawrence. There was an exhilarating explosion, and the aftermath drifted down into my mind in the form of the "thoughts" with which I began. They are different from Lawrence's thoughts, and yet they are related to them. Perhaps a single process manifests itself with such a difference in two beings. But after this huge digression into relevancy, I must promise to return to my professional capacity.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

### THE ELEPHANT MAN.

**The Elephant Man, and other Reminiscences.** By Sir FREDERICK TREVES. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

WE always read a medical man's opinions on life in general with peculiar interest. For medical men, as a class, enjoy certain very marked advantages over most other people. The majority of us live at one or two removes from the actual basic facts of life. We assume, as it were, the sewers and the kitchens. Do not those people, for instance, who live the "life of pleasure" depicted in the illustrated weeklies find the world almost miraculous? They travel in trains, they turn on electric-light switches, they order meals—do they ever wonder how it all works? They speak, and the thing is accomplished. Does it not all seem like an "Arabian Nights" story to them? Women, of course, can never live in a wholly unreal world. There is always child-birth. But it seems that many men can ignore the basic facts of life right up to the surprise of the death-bed.

To a medical man such evasions are impossible. Whatever his view of life may be, it is, at least, conditioned by his perpetual contact with those inexorable facts of life that most of us ignore and prefer to ignore. What Colonel Repington described as the "monthly wastage" of our troops at the front, for instance, necessarily had a quite different meaning for the worker in a war hospital from what it had for the business-man patriot at home. It is sometimes objected against doctors that they are too "materialistic," but our own private wonder is that they are not much more "coarse" than they are. Even a half-veiled description of certain wounds and operations can make the ordinary person feel squeamish; the doctor has to realize that the disgusting side of life exists, that it is permanently there, and he has, in the most thoroughgoing way, to concern himself with it. When he reads poetic versions of life he does so bearing certain facts in mind. The wedding feast that uplifts the poet's heart presupposes the slaughter-house, and the guest who has just left that blood-slippy floor may, in some cases, fail to fit in with the general mood. The intelligent medical man who is not a pessimist is very well worth listening to.

The book under review has just that inimitable flavor that comes of first-hand contact with the facts of life. Things are calmly put down, as if part of the normal routine of living, which most people would prefer to think did not exist. That story, for instance, of the faithful, submissive woman whose husband knocked her into a corner of the room and then threw two lamps at her, roaring with laughter as she lay burning alive, is the record of a hospital case. And the Elephant Man, the man whose almost unbelievable deformities made his appearance in public impossible, was another manifestation of that mysterious creative energy which informs and sustains the universe. The apparently purposeless suffering in life, the highly ingenious bestiality, the devilish outrage, of certain afflictions—these must all be allowed for in any sincere attempt to see life steadily and to see it whole. The medical man differs from most of us in not being able to escape these facts. Sir Frederick does not parade them; indeed, he seems to mention them incidentally; they merely form part of his normal mental furniture.

Birth, death, madness, disease—these are the things with which a doctor is concerned. Sir Frederick says the little he has to say, as a medical man, about the problem of death. Philosophers and poets have much to say. Sir Frederick has but little to contribute. If death is the

entrance to another life, it might be, he suggests, that people who have been very nearly dead for some time, but who recover, might remember something—some vague perceptions, premonitions, glimpses of that future life. He has tested the matter. He has known cases of men nearly dead, as inanimate and lifeless as any human being could be for whom a return to life was possible. And they have had nothing to report; nothing whatever. No faintest gleam of any future life was vouchsafed to them. This proves little, of course, but it is an interesting fact.

But apart from their hard, definite backbone, many of these reminiscences are more than a little sentimental. We have instances of dumb fidelity, of broken hearts, which our modern, cool story-writer would leave to the best-sellers. And yet we suppose these things as truly exist as cancer. Both the good and the bad of life appear, in Sir Frederick's pages, slightly outrageous. We feel that Sir Frederick could cap the latest *conte cruel* with a worse horror, and, on the other hand, give instances of fidelity and bravely endured suffering which the most sentimental idealist would hesitate to invent. Life is a ranker thing than literary conventions allow it to be; it completely ignores all the canons of good taste. Sir Frederick's reminiscences are stronger meat than we are normally provided with, and a great deal more nourishing.

### A MODERN CRITIC.

**First Essays on Literature.** By EDWARD SHANKS (Collins. 12s. 6d.)

MR. SHANKS during the past few years has won a definite, if a restricted, place among the new generation of our poets. His work in verse resembles the young lady friend of Coleridge, who was "of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colorless yet clear"; it is serene and fine, not gusty with passion, but pleasant to the mind's eye. It would be strange if, the poet being of this nature, the essayist were of the slashing, gorgeous, gloomy, or fitfully intense types. And, in fact, Mr. Shanks's critical papers are lucid and unhurried.

His is not the criticism, when the generality of it is regarded, to send us in haste to the books which he discusses, nor, indeed, to present to the mind a picture of what they contain. For example, let us refer the reader to the essay on "The Poetry of Mr. John Freeman." Mr. Shanks says that appreciation of Mr. Freeman's verse is chiefly confined to poets and critics; and he takes the occasion of Mr. Freeman's "Poems Old and New" to estimate him. This he does with precision and order. "He is deeply moved by the contemplation of moral beauty, of the beauty of conduct in its widest sense, of man's relations with eternity; and these things are pictured in his verse in such a way that the reader may derive moral profit from them." And as to the technique, "His verse adheres to the iambic norm, but is subject to wide departures from it. It is fluid, flexible, and variable, undergoing changes and modulations in obedience to the writer's mood." Or in general, Mr. Shanks views Mr. Freeman's poetry as recounting, "however brokenly, the reactions towards, and the speculations on, life of a mind perpetually engrossed by the problem of the existence of the human spirit in this world and perpetually revolving this problem. . . ." Now, all these statements are true enough, but the mode and temperature of them are not representative of Mr. Freeman's verse. It is true that writing and picture-writing are very nearly the same art, and that Mr. Freeman is for pages at a time lacking in figure; but where his poems are most beautiful Mr. Shanks shows in quotation, and not in the substance of his essay. Indeed, we do not value Mr. Freeman so much as a philosopher or a psychologist as the erratic, but at times eminent, seer of "unmatured green valleys cold," and discoverer of musical tunes in words.

For criticism that is clear and cold the present age has a great taste, and we ourselves have no prejudice against it. Against too much of it we feel emboldened on every re-examination of the critical writings of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Lamb. How much more vital is Lamb's paraphrase and account of Keats's "Lamia," as it stands, than would have

been a mere discussion of abstractions—of Keats's paganism, of his philosophical conception of "beauty," and so on! How still shines, with a richness of the poetry under Lamb's hand, the closing paragraph on the disarming of "criticism, if it be not in its nature cruel; if it would not deny to honey its sweetness, nor to roses redness, nor light to the stars in heaven; if it would not bay the moon out of the skies, rather than acknowledge she is fair!"

Let criticism be scientific, yes: but science is a human activity, and the odd thing in Mr. Shanks's "First Essays" is his own definition of literature as "an impure form of activity"—presumably, that is, of common interest. One would expect from his foreword, and from the subjects on which he writes—as the writings of Mr. H. G. Wells or W. E. Henley—a better balance of sheer analysis and metaphorical portraiture. To read him at large is to admire, but not to rejoice. He seems to us at his best when the subject itself gives that better balance almost inevitably. "Samuel Butler" is a case in point. Mr. Shanks's brief annotation upon Mr. Festing Jones's great Memoir is at once vivid and captivating. So also is the paper upon W. N. P. Barbellion. In such matters of reconstruction, Mr. Shanks writes with far more of poetry than in the studies of poetry itself. The criticism is there, and, by reason of its companionship with the study of an individual, comes home to the bosom at once; remains as a veritable acquisition, and not a piece of information. We choose this sidelight on Barbellion to show the happy mingling of the biographical and the abstract:—

"... To others this timid and cowardly young man seemed strong, masterful, difficult to manage, frightening, sometimes savage and bitter in conversation, but always magnetic and fascinating. 'I know,' he says, 'I am not prepossessing in appearance—my nose is crooked and my skin is blotched.' In reality his height, his distinction of bearing and fine hair produced an immediate effect of good looks—which, with the emaciation of his final days, changed into an austere and painful beauty. He had particularly beautiful hands, and his photographs certainly represent him as being not only noticeable, but also attractive. The disparity between what he says of himself and what others thought of him involves no real contradiction. He is writing of the hidden and secret personality which no one else knew, and the fact that no one else could know this personality, save by his own deliberate act of revelation, is another proof of his strength. He is describing the other side of the moon."

#### THE THEATRE OF STRICKEN EUROPE.

Continental Stagecraft. By KENNETH MACGOWAN and ROBERT EDMOND JONES. (Benn. 25s.)

THIS study of the theatre of to-day on the continent of Europe, the work of two keen American investigators who passed the summer months of 1922 touring "Mitteleuropa," with visits to Sweden and France, is a windfall such as students of the drama in this country seldom have the luck to receive. Mr. Macgowan and Mr. Jones—the former has worded the text, the latter drawn the illustrations, and the two together have found the ideas—are observers of unusual qualifications. They are interested in the technique of stagecraft; they are artists concerned with the drama as art and literature; and they are philosophic enough to perceive how in this, as in all ages, the theatre reflects the consciousness of peoples. The result is a book extraordinarily rich both in detail and generalization. It is "news" and it is theory; it has the attraction of a traveller's tale and the handiness of a work of reference. No review on a lighter scale than a "Quarterly" one can do more than dip here and there into such a treasury.

One impression that remains vividly in the mind when the book is laid down is the apparent leadership of Germany in the present theatrical movement. "The larger part of our time," writes Mr. Macgowan, "was passed in Germany"; and we gather that this was the most profitable way of passing it. No doubt, this Teutonic primacy goes back to the time before the war. The father of modern stagecraft is indeed Mr. Gordon Craig, and the summit of its achievement so far, general consent establishes, is represented by the Moscow Art Theatre; but for the donkey-work

that has made a general advance possible on all European stages it seems that we must give the main credit to the Germans. No doubt mechanical aptitude was a great factor here; the inventors were often of other nationality (as Appia and Fortuny), but German patience worked out and perfected the novelties:—

"It was the most natural thing in the world that the Germans should turn their stage into a machine-shop. When they build one of their great five-storey office buildings they begin by laying a railroad along two sides on the street level and another up in the air above it, and putting in a travelling elevator, dump-cart, and crane that runs along the tracks; after they have this gigantic apparatus in order, building the building is mere child's play. *Der verrückte Krieg* was all that prevented the development of a most ingenious mechanism for erecting the erector that builds the building."

Germany, then, has been the home of stages that revolved and slid and sank and walked and whirled, until, exhausted by mechanics, it has lately veered aside to extreme simplicity. In so doing Germany's men of the theatre are but yielding themselves to the mainstream of dramatic evolution, as these American spectators trace its course. Further and further in their view does Realism recede; wider and wider is the dominance of Expressionism, the preference of Form to illusion.

"The theatre will always have the physical body of the actor, and to that extent it will always be representational. But that is certainly all it need have of illusion. What the actor says and the atmosphere in which he appears may be absolutely non-representational. Even his physical body, as he uses it, may take on qualities outside and beyond illusion."

Has it been a merely artistic conviction that has produced this revolt against the representation of reality in the theatre of the Continent? We doubt it. There is a pregnant chapter in this book, called "Black Curtains." These, we are told, are the prevailing note of modern German stage setting. Berlin, gnawed by misery, "demands an echoing misery from its playhouses." To portray the passing show of men and their affairs would be at an hour like this too trivial. But behind the veil (it is the tragedy of our time) no consoling or uplifting vision glimmers. We pass beyond Realism to find something more heart-freezing even than reality. Berlin "goes to see a blacker and more despicable Richard III. than Shakespeare ever imagined" in Leopold Jessner's nightmare production. And in "Masse-Mensch" at the working people's theatre, the Volksbühne, it sees something grimmer still. For man in the mass is less than man; moulded into regiments that crush his individuality, he is thrust to and fro by capitalism, by militarism, by agitation, by demagogic craft. There is an extraordinary pathos in these lozenge-like slabs of man-stuff, shown (in Mr. Jones's sketches of the play) white-faced against a black void, stabbed by great rays that make shifting crosses of pain upon their bodies. In the last picture the lozenge quivers and falls to shreds, as the invisible machine-guns spray upon it from the darkness. It is the voice of Germany's despair.

But not only Germany's. All the propaganda in the world cannot for long cloak the truth about what happens to the body when one member suffers. The most salient of the plays outside Germany described in this book are two by the Czech writer, Karel Capek. They are cited as examples of Expressionist drama, breaking away from Realism into the region of symbol and fancy, and what are their subjects? The first, called "The Insect Comedy," satirizes the activities of industry and war by presenting a colony of ants in khaki; the second, called "R. U. R." (in the German version, "W. U. R."), revives the Frankenstein theme, to show a race of mechanical workers, the "Roboters," who rise and kill mankind. Plays like these, whatever their artistic quality, are the sick-room fancies of Europe, and that is a reason for doubting whether Expressionism will, as the authors seem to think, continue to hold all the ground it now occupies. When man's lot seems more tolerable there will be a human drama again, just as naturalist painting supplanted the superhuman melancholy of the Byzantine figures that had brooded over the decline of Rome. The authors are not without a touch of hope. "Perhaps *bunte Vorhänge* are coming. Perhaps it is always a little dark before the dawn."



## A NATION REBORN.

**The New Poland.** By CHARLES PHILLIPS. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

THIRTY years ago, when Japan was emerging from centuries of obscurity, no publisher's list was complete without a volume—overflowing with enthusiasm—on the new Japan, the "Land of the Rising Sun."

It is in a spirit similar to that of the authors of those half-forgotten volumes that Major Phillips writes on "The New Poland." There is, indeed, something in Poland to-day that reminds one of Japan of thirty years ago: a certain freshness of spirit that arises from a national rebirth; a great hope of peaceful, fruitful years to follow the life-and-death struggle of the past; a strong desire amongst the *intelligentsia* to understand and be understood by the people of other nations. In Poland, too—as in Japan—there stands in the background a picturesque peasantry, and in the foreground a society ornamented by women of fascination and men of singular courtesy. Moreover, as in Japan there was just enough understanding of Western culture to make the Japanese more intelligible than other Oriental nations, so in Poland there is an infusion of Western thought and religion that draws the Poles nearer to us than any other Slavonic race.

Major Phillips went with the American Red Cross Commission to Poland after the Armistice. He was there at the end of the great struggle for national existence that continued in that country for nearly two years after the conclusion of the Great War. He saw the country at its worst, and that worst was indeed bad, for Poland has been devastated by many armies. Thereafter he watched the beginning of the great effort to reconstruct the national life. He entered into the life of all classes, and gives vivid descriptions of almost every aspect of his subject. He writes on the economic, social, and home life of the people; the distinguished part played by Polish intellectuals in science, art, and literature; the historic struggles for freedom. He gives vivid character-sketches of the men who have brought their country's hopes to fruition. Of these, perhaps the most remarkable are Paderewski, the great artist turned statesman, and Marshal Pilsudski, who has just, after prolonged controversy, failed to secure re-election to the Presidency. The author deals incidentally with various features of the political situation, and points out that Poland's constitution is the most democratic in the world. The rights of women are identical with those of men; women, indeed, in Poland have taken a leading share in art, letters, public life, and even war, for generations.

Poland, Major Phillips reminds us, has manufacturing centres with oil, coal, and iron in abundance; she will, no doubt, play a considerable part in industrial Europe, but the fundamental life of Poland lies in her plains. "Fields and forests—fifty-five million acres of farm land, thirty-one thousand two hundred square miles of forests—that's what Poland is," says Major Phillips. There are also thousands of square miles of marsh and much land waiting development; all spread out over the interminable plain that stretches for five hundred miles between the German and the Russian frontiers. The great plain is snow-bound all winter; but in spring and summer all that is not scarred by war is full of beauty and interest. Major Phillips writes with enthusiasm of the countryside:—

"Wild flowers everywhere, gorgeous fat buttercups and whole blue skies of forget-me-nots; level or rolling fields of green; haystacks and grain-shocks; clover meadows or waving seas of rye, wheat, barley, oats, flax, buckwheat; flocks of cattle and sheep dotting the picture, and white 'flotillas' of geese rocking across the green expanse; vast stretches of potatoes or sugar-beets; all laid out like a variegated carpet as far as the eye can see, and always hedged in by the woods, where the 'polanka' or clearing here and there tells of further invasion of man into the primeval. Then the villages of the peasants. . . . And in the centre of the picture is the house, the home of the estate-owner of the neighborhood. The house is invariably set amongst trees—limes or beeches or oaks, sweet-smelling linden, white birches showing their silver leaves, and plummy old elms reaching their shadow-weaving fans over the roofs."

It is in the plains that the old peasant life continues, or is being re-created. This life is essentially medieval; it is democratic by tradition, the village holding meetings and councils and electing their own headman, or "Soltys." The peasant is of good stock—"the salt of the earth with qualities

like iron." He lives a rugged life, half asleep during the winter, but imbued with an immense energy during spring, summer, and autumn, when hard work, in which women and children take their part, is made bearable by saints' days and other holidays celebrated with feasting, dancing, and singing. The Polish peasantry grow their own food and build their own houses. They make, too, their own homespun and clothing. In the latter they show much natural taste and love of color; indeed, the petticoats of the women, the coat-edgings and belts of the men, the embroidered aprons, scarves, and handkerchiefs of the girls, are of the brightest. Church parade in a Polish village in spring is a very gay affair—like a moving, glowing flower-bed in the sunlight.

Apparently, most of the countryside west of the Vistula has already regained its pre-war condition, and Witos, the peasant farmer who, in the first days of the Republic, was the Prime Minister of Poland, is quoted as having then said that ten years would see the farmers on their feet again. Possibly this will turn out to be an over-sanguine estimate. Certainly in East Poland, in the districts recently annexed from Russia, with which the writer of this article is familiar, life is still, to a large extent, a struggle for a bare existence, and there is much poverty, hunger, and disease.

It is not possible to predict what will come of this great new State thrown up out of the turmoil of the war; but whatever may be that future, Poland cannot be ignored. She is to-day in area the third largest State in Europe, with considerable mineral wealth, an immense area of cultivated and cultivable land, and a sturdy and industrious peasantry. This alone is sufficient reason for studying Polish life and character. For that study Major Phillips's book can be recommended without reserve. It is full of valuable information and eminently readable.

MONTAGUE FORDHAM.

## CURRENT FICTION.

**The Seven Ages of Woman.** By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Seeker. 7s. 6d.)

**The False Dawn.** By NORMA LORIMER. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

**The Cave Woman.** By NORVAL RICHARDSON. (Nash & Grayson. 7s. 6d.)

**Pagan Corner.** By C. M. A. PEAKE. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

**The Wrong Shadow.** By HAROLD BRIGHOUSE. (Chapman & Dodd. 7s. 6d.)

"THAT auburn hair had deepened in ten years like a gathered chestnut, but like a chestnut it had preserved the gloss of youth. Experience had given her blue eyes those profundities of color which inaccurate and ambitious observers have miscalled violet. Her complexion held the exquisite translucent hues of a September rose." This is Mary Flower, the heroine of Mr. Mackenzie's new novel, but it is not very far, too, from being Mr. Mackenzie. What the words actually say, as differentiated from what is written, is that Mary had chestnut hair, deep blue eyes (not violet), and rosy cheeks. And yet who would have thought it? You have to be a literary man to make bricks out of straw, and Mr. Mackenzie is a literary man, as a well-known historical character was an honorable one. If you walk into Mr. Mackenzie's parlor, well, that is what it is—a still-life parlor furnished from the Tottenham Court Road. But the approach, that glittering *façade*, those decorated cornices, the groups of statuary, those gilded portals! And Mr. Mackenzie's intentions are not those of the spider. He stands smiling at the entrance, quite blocking it; but it is an out-of-door smile, and does not invite domestic intimacies. "The Seven Ages of Woman" is the tale of Mary Flower from 1870 to 1920, her parentage, her youth, her marriage and motherhood. There is nothing remarkable about Mary; she just sails down the years and leaves all the work to them. And Mr. Mackenzie fills in the gaps in his own inimitable way, the way so graphically presented in the description of Mary's hair, eyes, and complexion.

"The False Dawn" is a complicated and exuberant narrative, directed by earnestness and a certain simplicity of mind. There is a great deal of good talk about

modern social and sexual problems in it, but we hardly know where the characters would be without it—Prudence, whose missionary ambitions suffer so great a wreck; soldier Maurice, who, to his cost, saw in Dorcas a more responsive Prudence; and Greville, who takes Topsy Palmer under his wing after she has left her husband and been left by her lover. Prudence and Greville had a mazy round to travel before they could come together, and one feels that they are really going about on wheels and that the author is somewhere round the corner turning a handle. But it is a right-minded book and a reflective comment on the life of to-day.

"The Cave Woman" has the merit of being a perfectly straightforward narrative unfolding an equally simple issue. There is the delicate, finely touched Antonia, the wife of Hogarth, and there is Mrs. Watson, the primitive *parvenue*, who, conceiving a passion for him in no way polite, sets herself to grab him. How she achieves her end by means of Hogarth's sickly daughter, and how Hogarth marries her in the belief that his wife is dead, may be left to the curiosity of the reader. Antonia comes to life by as clumsy an expedient as she went out of it, and Mrs. Hogarth-ex-Watson apparently falls over a precipice in trying to push the first Mrs. Hogarth over it. As may be seen, the sword of Damocles hangs from the Gordian knot, and Mr. Richardson makes no bones about cutting it. But, in spite of methods somewhat cavalier, the portrait of Miladi Watson is not without power and reality.

Polly Brent's mother, grandfather, and folk are "squatters" on the edge of Coldharbor Heath, which is well in the Hardy country, and an indirect Hardy influence appears in Mrs. Peake's spirited and concise portraits of the heath-dwellers. Or perhaps Mrs. Peake has stamped the spirit of the heath upon her characters as Hardy did his in "The Return of the Native." Polly's career is indeed often similar to Tess's, but she lacks the gentleness of Tess, and her "kinship with the clean soul of the earth" remains that of the wilding, whereas Tess's relationship with her home is a more subtle and intimate mingling of the human with the natural. But the story has the right Wessex feeling, and is simply and delicately told with a mature and individual grace of style.

Mr. Brighouse's tale of Conscience and Mr. Bassett is the best of the bunch. There is a lot more than Mr. Bassett in the book, and it all makes very agreeable reading; but Mr. Bassett, hag-ridden by the success he makes out of his missing friend Herbert Wyler's recipe for a patent medicine, is a creation. His springiness, naïveté, pathos, and gift of polysyllables, and the platform manner, remind us not distantly of Mr. Polly. Audrey, Peterkin and his play, Wyler, Lord Litherbrow, and Gladys Minniver, who ambiguously consoles Mr. Bassett at the end—the life-force is in them all, though the tragi-comedy of Mr. Bassett is its chosen vessel. Mr. Brighouse's lightness of touch and admirably poised and liberal expression, just spiced with fantasy, are virtues rare in fiction, and this book alone would establish him as one of our novelists.

## Books in Brief.

**Louise Imogen Guiney: Her Life and Works.** By E. M. TENISON. (Macmillan. 15s.)

THE biographer in the present volume is also to a large extent the anthologist. A charming tranquillity and gentle light suffuse the record of Louise Imogen Guiney's days. Born in Roxbury, near Boston, in 1861, it is true that she had "a little flag for a toy instead of coral-and-bells," and her father was General Guiney. But peace ensues as we trace her life and literary loves, and from her own verses the fragrance of secluded gardens arises:—

"Above the wall that's broken,  
And from the coppice thinned,  
So sacred and so sweet  
The lilac in the wind!"

What an event it was when, among some ragged books, she found bound up in one volume "Olor Iscanus" and

"Thalia," her beloved Henry Vaughan's rare books! Year after year she labored over the editing of the *Silurist*, and yet, though she published much in defence or popularization of past writers—as the Matchless Orinda, Thomas Stanley, Clarence Mangan—and was well known to students of the seventeenth century, her work on Vaughan remains, like her *Anthology of Recusant Poets*, in manuscript. Her biographer has supplied a graceful memorial to her. It is to be hoped that, even if her poems prove too slight for permanence, her study of Vaughan may at length appear, to do that poet's memory justice, and her own.

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**The Mystery of "Mr. W. H."** By Colonel B. R. WARD. (Cecil Palmer. 10s. 6d.)

THE theory that the 17th Earl of Oxford wrote a large part of our Shakespeare induced Colonel Ward to look through the Hackney Parish Registers—Oxford having lived at Hackney—for details of "Mr. W. H." Colonel Ward had already agreed with whispering gossips that the "onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets" probably meant "the man who acquired them," and with Sir Sidney Lee that "W. H." was William Hall, a trade friend of Thomas Thorpe who published the Sonnets, and "a procurer of MSS." He hoped to find that his reading of the Dedication, as a wedding congratulation, would prove correct. To his great delight, he found that William Hall was married to Margery Gryffyn on August 4th, 1608, at Hackney. The Dedication is surely elucidated by this discovery. Proceeding thence, Colonel Ward observes how "Shakespeare's Sonnets" were entered at Stationers' Hall on May 20th, 1609, and hints that William Hall acquired the MSS. at the sale of Oxford's house in Hackney during that same year. He goes on to consider Oxford's life and his posthumous family affairs in relation to the Stratfordian's life and the periods of "Shakespeare publication"; and the rest of his book, without making the extended case so strong as is that entry in the Hackney Registers, reveals a number of coincidences of date and action.

\* \* \*

**The Reformation of War.** By Colonel J. F. C. FULLER. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

FIRST, forget your faith that war is like pink rats, and avoidable. Then Colonel Fuller's book becomes important. His study of the past obtains respect for his visions of the future. His open and vigorous mind falls upon such authorities as Field Service Regulations and Foch, as imperfect in the principles of war. The soldier's duty, he says, is "to fight and not to die"—and certainly, as the song used to run, "we don't want to die." Colonel Fuller proposes to send us to sleep with non-lethal gas, directed upon us by aeroplanes. The worst of his fighting will be with the tanks, in which he is a great believer. Incidentally, he tells us that the 1919 offensive would have been carried out by fast tanks rushing enemy headquarters, miles behind, while the tank-cum-infantry mudfight went on at the line. It might have worked. But the personal factor seems once more neglected, and in the swift and mechanical actions which Colonel Fuller advocates will there be even generals capable of controlling the "victories"? Into his speculation of "etheric waves," caused by pressing a button, it is early to enter. His work is animated by a keen wish to serve humanity in the matter of reducing the horror of war.

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**These Liberties.** By E. V. KNOX. (Methuen. 4s. 6d.)

"Evoc's" parodies, reprinted from "Punch" and the "New Statesman," ramble over a large area of recent writing. Mr. George Moore and Miss Ethel Dell, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Alfred Noyes, the author of "Tarzan" and the author of "Lord Jim," are all paraded in effigy. Mr. Knox's craft is in general of the kind which makes merry among the surface characteristics, and seldom gives the illusion that we are reading what the author might have written unconscious of humorous effect. Collections of the striking individualisms which authors themselves use in just proportion do not cut much ice in the parodistic sort. At the same time, it is a real feather in Mr. Knox's cap that he has written a stanza of Mr. Thomas Hardy himself which we should have met without suspicion somewhere in "Late Lyrics and Earlier." His scenarios for films are, likewise, authentic.



**Nonsenseorship.** Edited by G. P. P. (Putnams. 12s. 6d.)

"G. P. P.," who contrives to set aside the cares of publishing and to relish nonsense now and then, is the ringleader of fifteen American and British writers who in answer to the query "Any complaints?" spring smartly up and speak their mind. "Prohibitions, inhibitions, and illegalities" have tried them beyond the powers of restraint. The American writers have, of course, one burning grievance, but Mr. Tomlinson has no trouble in showing up the fetters under which we also frolic. Naturally, the outward comedy is more patent in some of these fifteen essays than in others; but in all of them the discerning reader will recognize an underlying seriousness. While the writers have been unburdening themselves of their rebellious reflections, Mr. Ralph Barton, the caricaturist, has been busy with his eccentric pencil, catching the individual expressions of Babylonian woe.

**My Northern Exposure.** By WALTER E. TRAPROCK. (Putnams. 12s. 6d.)

THE chimerical traveller Traprock has seen strange places. He might be able to trace kinship with the Swiss Family Robinson. The expedition which he describes undoubtedly worked under considerable handicaps. For example, the ice cream which it made in the 82nd parallel tasted oily, owing to the presence of seals in those parts; and the anthropologist among the ice deserts was unable to make progress, owing to the absence of inhabitants. However, the gallant ship "Kawa" "oozed over and between difficulties," and the eyes of Traprock were at length rewarded, when "Below us, sparkling in the sunlight, stood the Pole itself."

**Earlham.** By PERCY LUBBOCK. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

EARLHAM to itself a kingdom was, not merely a country house of a distinguished old Norfolk family, the Gurneys, and what Mr. Lubbock has done in a rich, broad-acre, leisurely prose is to turn it into an imaginative kingdom for his reader. In it dwelt English country-house life at its very best (one hesitates to use the equivocal term "refined") and also at its most characteristic, and as that is now a thing of the past, the delicate art of Mr. Lubbock has magically renewed its crumbling walls and traditions. This reanimation of the recessive impressions of childhood is a very rare accomplishment in so perfect a form as Mr. Lubbock has given us, and with such difficult material. For there was nothing unconventional or unexpected or original about Earlham, and its sweetness and grace interpenetrate our minds so subtly as we read that beauty becomes a grave, familiar presence. The England of Earlham is dead, but Mr. Lubbock reproduces it for us as a tender, permanent, and universal possession. He makes us feel that a gracious spirit can never die and that the eternal things in our midst are smilingly unembarrassed by the enveloping waves of change and decay.

**Studies in Empire and Trade.** By J. W. JEUDWINE. (Longmans. 21s.)

MR. JEUDWINE's volume is the fruit of very long and careful research. Beginning with the Scandinavian Vikings and the Crusaders, it follows the history of trade, exploration, and empire down to the eighteenth century and the East India Company. Throughout his book Mr. Jeudwine is concerned to give, not theories or personal opinion, but a straightforward account of the facts; but in his last chapter he reviews, in the light of historical facts, the question of the "prospect of permanence in that unity of peoples which we call Empire."

**The Far Eastern Republic of Siberia.** By HENRY NORTON. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

INFORMATION about the Far Eastern Republic is very hard to obtain; it has rarely been mentioned during the last three years, except in Far Eastern or in Russian papers. Mr. Norton's book, therefore, fills a gap. It contains a good historical account of the genesis of the new State, its Constitution and leaders, and a moderate and sane discussion of its problems. Mr. Norton has not only made himself

familiar with the historical background, but has investigated things for himself upon the spot. The result is an admirable book. It should, perhaps, be noted that the relations between the Far Eastern Republic and Soviet Russia were modified in some very important respects last year, and that Mr. Norton appears to have passed his proofs before that happened.

## From the Publishers' Table.

"THE SACRED DANCE," a historical dissertation upon dancing as a religious ritual in the New Testament and among early peoples, by W. O. E. Osterley, is announced by the Cambridge University Press. "Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of 'Sir Thomas More,'" by A. W. Pollard, W. W. Greg, Sir E. M. Thompson, J. D. Wilson, and R. W. Chambers, is among the arrangements of the same Press. These experts discuss the handwritings of the MS., and compare the various qualities of the three pages ascribed to Shakespeare with those of the accepted plays. "Poems of Leopardi," with editorial setting and a verse translation by G. L. Bickersteth, will also be published at Cambridge this summer.

FORTHCOMING publications of Broadway House include "Indian Engineering," in which Mr. W. L. Strange considers chiefly the governing principles in the problems of irrigation, town water supplies, roads and buildings; and "The Making of Lace," by Mrs. M. L. Brooke, a practical exponent of this art. The latter work is illustrated with many photographs and drawings.

A COLLECTION of "Ricardo's Economic Essays" is to be expected shortly from Messrs. Bell. They affect questions of currency, banking, exchange, and agricultural problems. The work has been edited by the late Sir E. C. K. Gonner, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Liverpool.

UNDER the will of the late Gertrude Page, the novelist, an annuity has been entrusted to the Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers, the main object of which is to provide, in cases of illness and necessity, "a change of air or temporary help" for literary workers resident in the United Kingdom. There is, of course, the "form to fill up" for the decision of the Committee. The Society's address is No. 1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, Westminster.

THE Provost of University College informs us of two entrance exhibitions (worth each £40 a year) tenable at the Bartlett School of Architecture, for a period of three to five years. The awards will be made this June. The Secretary of University College, W.C. will give full details to applicants.

WITS may find opportunity in the present fashion of "fortnightly parts," but it is impossible not to admire the skill and science which go to their production. The "Outline of Literature and Art" (Newnes) is a luxurious cabinet, such as would have astonished Charles Knight and other pioneers of popular good literature. The "Pageant of Nature" (Cassell) is full to overflowing of remarkable pictures and essays worthy of the English tradition of writers on Nature.

THE annual report of the Bodleian Library speaks of steady enlargement and labor. It is noticeable that, among the donations of MSS., the original draft of "Gareth and Lynette" appears. Lord Tennyson, in presenting this relic of his father, stipulated "that no one shall be allowed to publish the MS. or use it for the purpose of *variorum* readings."

ANOTHER "Bodleian" requires a word or two. This is the monthly journal of Messrs. John Lane, the Bodley Head. To this magazine, which intends to touch upon literary matters at large, Mr. J. B. Priestley, the young essayist and parodist, is to contribute a monthly middle article.

Book catalogues still keep us from our meals. "Various Books from the Dunster House Bookshop" is a selection which it would be at once agreeable and profitable to possess. Messrs. Birrell & Garnett's collection of foreign books is set forth with their usual spirited annotation. No. 31 from Messrs. Grafton records many groups of valuable works, that concerning printing being especially large.

FROM Northampton, Mr. Billingham launches a list of all sorts: from Leeds comes Mr. Miles's 224th catalogue, likewise of many themes; and Messrs. Brown, of Edinburgh, append to a miscellaneous gathering a number of titles in Scottish history and allied subjects.

At the end of "The Chapbook" for March, after some queer lines by Prentis hands (Terence Prentis, who says:—

"30 white clouds are covering the blue,"

and Avon Prentis, who observes:—

"I sometimes hesitate  
And ponder on the day  
That I was born and made articulate"),

occurs a poem by Thomas Hardy.

## Art.

### THE GOOD COLLECTOR.

ON page 17 of his engaging book entitled "Old Master Drawings"\* Mr. Reitlinger quotes the old story of a poor man who, being shown a rich man's pearls, said: "I thank you for letting me enjoy the sight of my pearls," meaning thereby that the sight was equivalent to possession. Mr. Reitlinger adds: "I do not know how it is with pearls, but I do know that for most collectors such a statement about works of art would be untrue." Maybe, but there is yet a third attitude to works of art to be taken into account: that in which yours or mine or anybody's is equally irrelevant; and it is an open question whether this is not the only attitude which deserves to be encouraged. Strictly speaking, the idea of possession is as incompatible with the true love of art as it is with the true love of nature; for it would be admitted that the man who thought about "my flowers" or "my sky" had failed a little of complete enjoyment.

This, however, is a counsel of perfection, and it is only brought forward to meet the suggestion, on the same page, that "the collector's instinct is, in essence, a good one." Like all possessive instincts it is, in essence, a bad one, but in practice, in an imperfect world, it has served a useful purpose. "It has led to the preservation of beautiful things which would otherwise in the course of ages have been destroyed or lost." That it "does more than any amount of merely academic appreciation of museums and galleries to lead its votaries really to examine and study their possessions" is also true, but not necessarily good, because the examination and study may be wrong in kind. There are other appreciations of museums and galleries, as of a fine day, than the "merely academic." The weakness of Mr. Reitlinger's apology for the collector is that it allows for nothing between "mine" and "thine"; between the academic and the possessive appreciation of art. Free enjoyment of art, with as little care for names and values as the healthy man gives to his diaphragm, may be as yet an impossible ideal, but it ought to be kept steadily in mind as the only way of bringing art into right relations with life. Every alternative keeps art at a little distance.

But if Mr. Reitlinger allows less than he should for possibilities—actualities with many people—he is perfectly sound about things as they are with the majority. Accepting the collector as an established fact, he treats him like a gentleman; and it would be difficult to think of any other book on the subject which makes

so few concessions to the wrong sort of collecting. Love of a bargain, the sense of antiquity, and the desire for rarity are all recognized as existing motives and dismissed as inadequate, and Mr. Reitlinger comes down to the right motive with "Collect drawings the contemplation of which gives one personal pleasure, irrespective of any other consideration whatever." His practical advice to this end constitutes the great value of his book. As he says, there is no quick method, no short cut, to artistic taste and judgment; but, granting the existence of a positive love of the beautiful, much may be done to guide it in the gallery or sale-room. His chapter on "The Significance of Old Drawings," their why and wherefore, and the classes into which they fall—studies of detail, composition studies, engravers' drawings, designs for ornament, and drawings done as finished works of art; how they were done and how to recognize them—could not be bettered. Having taken the collector through the schools, with sufficient attention to names and styles, Mr. Reitlinger gives chapters on forgeries, materials, the care and arrangement of drawings, and their mending and restoration. The matter of these chapters is full of enlightened common-sense, and the tone is admirable.

True to his principle of conceding nothing to wrong motives, Mr. Reitlinger advises the collector of limited means to train himself to recognize good drawings by minor masters rather than to run about after bargains in the great, and the seventy-two colotype illustrations are well chosen for that purpose. Comparatively few of them represent great names, though there are examples of Tintoretto, Pieter Breughel, Rembrandt and Ruysdael. Landscape and the figure are fairly evenly represented, and the time is extended to include Pinwell and Keene. In the facing notes the drawings are fully described, with measurements of the original and dates of the artist; and the short critical comments which follow cannot fail to be of great service to the collector who aims at being his own expert in recognition and judgment.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

## Music.

### THE COMPOSER AND THE VIRTUOSO.

SOME years ago the earnest young musicians in Paris used to make demonstrations in concert-rooms whenever a concerto was performed. It was an altogether abominable kind of art, they maintained, and they protested violently against the whole principle of it. One must respect the idealism of their motive, and at the same time regret their ignorance of musical history; but, after all, one cannot expect young Frenchmen to have read the literary works of Professor Donald Tovey, and it is possible that at the time when all this happened he had not yet written them. Since the bad concertos undoubtedly outnumber the good ones, and a large proportion of the good ones are for the most part left unplayed, it is not surprising that among serious young musicians the concerto as an art-form has a bad reputation. It has a bad reputation even among the virtuosi—at least, the good concertos have a bad reputation. They want something which sounds much more difficult than it really is. The concertos of Mozart are much more difficult to play than they look; Beethoven has to be brought up to date in his pianoforte-writing, and Brahms is to the pianist supremely ungrateful. He was a pianist himself, but most pianists will express the opinion that he did not know how to write for the instrument.

What is the unfortunate modern composer to do? He is in many cases anything but a virtuoso himself. There are composers who play instruments well, and some who have a wonderful instinct for understanding the technical peculiarities of instruments; but the technique of the pianoforte has in these days become so complicated that it is the rarest possible thing for any one man to have mastered that and to be at the same time a composer of real distinction. It stands to reason that if a man has

\* "Old Master Drawings: a Handbook for Amateurs and Collectors. By Henry Scipio Reitlinger. (Constable 36s.)



the qualities which go to make a great composer he does not want to waste time in practising other people's works, or even his own. If for some reason he wishes to write a concerto he is almost compelled to seek the technical help and advice of an expert performer. This is nothing new, and there is nothing reprehensible about it. The danger only begins when the composer accepts too much of that advice. It is well known that Mendelssohn, when writing his violin concerto, called in the help of Ferdinand David. A parallel case occurred when Mr. Delius called in the help of M. Theodor Szántó when writing, or, rather, when rewriting, his pianoforte concerto, which was played at the last Philharmonic Concert.

This concerto of Mr. Delius is not by any means a new work, but it is very seldom played. It has a curious interest, partly from its own history, partly from its relation to the composer's other works, and partly from its relation to the whole history of concertos. As Mr. Heseltine told us in the programme notes, which, by the way, were a perfect model of what programme notes ought to be—

"The first version of this work dates from 1897, and was produced at Elberfeld in 1904. . . . In 1907 it was completely rewritten; the three movements were condensed into one, and, in its present form, the Concerto was played for the first time by Theodor Szántó at a Queen's Hall Promenade Concert in October, 1907. With the exception of the recent Sonata for violin and pianoforte, it is Mr. Delius's sole contribution to pianoforte music.

The concerto is dedicated to Theodor Szántó, and the score bears the inscription "Klaviersatz bearbeitet von Theodor Szántó." How much of the pianoforte part is Szántó, how much Delius? Apart from the actual composer and "Bearbeiter"—the word "arranger" is hardly an equivalent here—Mr. Heseltine is probably the only person who could give an exact answer to this question. I hope that no admirer of Mr. Delius will consider the question offensive, since I assume that all readers of this article are admirers of Mr. Delius; if they are not, they ought to be. It is evident, from the history of the work and from its inscriptions, that the composer felt a debt of gratitude to the expert performer. But one cannot hear the work without feeling that it is not in every bar the expression of one personality. It is an early work, but as a general whole it is quite definitely characteristic of Mr. Delius. Most people are inclined to think of him mainly as a weaver of strange and exquisite harmonies; but Mr. Delius has always expressed his individuality in melody and in rhythm as well. Even in this early work the treatment of melody and rhythm is his own, with his own peculiar and wonderful sense of beauty. Yet occasionally something stands in the way of his expression, and that something is the expert pianist.

Some people would dismiss the question altogether, saying that this is a modern concerto in which the orchestra is more important than the solo part, or that it is not a concerto at all, adding perhaps that the concerto as a form is a thing of the past. I refuse to regard this work as a "fantasia with pianoforte obbligato." Whatever its faults may be, it is conceived as a concerto, and does in the main fulfil the obligations of the form. It fulfils the higher obligations of the form. The solo is its spiritual leader; that is undoubtedly clear from the musical thoughts which are given to the pianoforte and from the position which they occupy in the architecture of the work. To suggest, as I have heard a conductor suggest, that the orchestra can be allowed to take the lead and swamp the soloist when it—or, rather, the virtuoso conductor—pleases is a complete misunderstanding of the work. But at certain moments it looks as if M. Szántó, who probably has had only too much experience of virtuoso conductors, feared that this is exactly what would happen. So there are pages on which the pianist is set to perform a huge amount of hard labor in the hope of asserting his personality. It is in many passages labor wasted. Miss Katharine Goodson is one of our finest players; she has a magnificent technique, a full and sonorous tone, as well as great dignity of interpretation. But although she could be seen expending a great deal of energy, her passages of virtuosity failed to make any

effect. It was no fault of hers. Nor would it be just to say that the concerto was too heavily scored; it was simply that the passages which she had to play were utterly without significance. There was significance enough in the orchestral part. The orchestra expressed Mr. Delius's thought; the pianoforte expressed the mental habits of the expert pianist.

There is no need to condemn virtuoso passages altogether. Mozart and Beethoven can make them part of their own personal expression. There are other places in Mr. Delius's concerto where the decorative passages are as personal as anything in the work; they have Mr. Delius's own type of melody, his own harmonic style. They may be subordinate to a melodic design in the orchestra, as often happens in the classical concertos; but they add a new beauty to it. Even scale-passages, though hardly to be regarded as the individual expression of any one composer, can have emotional value. They may convey the impulse to emotion, and be thus a preparation, an anacrusis, to some great outburst. There is a scale-passage towards the end of this concerto which has an extraordinary beauty: after just one of those episodes in which the orchestra has the interest and the pianoforte has useless scales leading on to a rather conventional extravagance of scimmages and crashes, the orchestra suddenly comes in again quite softly, with a really important theme. "Let us talk sense quietly for a moment," the strings seem to say, and the solo player glides up the whole keyboard in chords of the sixth and vanishes. Considered merely as an effect of sound, it is exquisitely beautiful, and it has its structural value, leading up to a new theme and a new emotional aspect.

Modern concertos (and some that are not modern) are only too often "tales told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Mr. Delius's career as a composer has been marked by a complete indifference to "sound and fury." It is the serene and contemplative beauty of his music that has set him apart from all his contemporaries. That he should write concertos in these days might seem inconsistent with his character. But his concertos for violin and violoncello are among his best works, for these two instruments have naturally that type of expression which his inspiration requires. The pianoforte is in a different category. The technique of the modern virtuoso is utterly at variance with the spirit of Mr. Delius's music. He may write for it if he will—apparently he will not—but the expert pianists will say that he does not understand the instrument. It is more probable that the expert pianists do not really understand music.

EDWARD J. DENT.

## Science.

### CONTROLLING THE WEATHER.

MANY reviewers of Mr. H. G. Wells's new Utopia have commented on the fact that the extraordinary race of beautiful and naked mathematical physicists who inhabit that world have learned to control the weather. Yet nowhere does one find any mention of the gigantic installations, the towering structures, that the most credulous of modern earthly physicists would think necessary to that end. We strongly suspect that it was all done by atomic energy, and probably Mr. Wells would agree that his Utopians had got a long way past Sir Ernest Rutherford's experiments before they began abolishing rain. But it seems that there are optimistic folk amongst us Earthlings who do not think it necessary to wait so long. Such folk are not, of course, men of science; on the contrary, they hold very important positions in the State. In Sir Napier Shaw's rather heterogeneous but very interesting collection of essays, "The Air and its Ways," we learn that, during the war, the "highest quarters" pointed out that it was quite clear that the Germans were controlling the weather, and that it was the duty of

British meteorologists to go one better. Sir Napier must have realized, at that moment, that the man of science lives in an unfriendly world. It is bad enough when manufacturers want to know, *a propos* of a research, "how long it will take." But to be informed that certain rivals can work miracles, and then to be found fault with for not working better ones—we can understand this kind of thing inducing that "tired feeling" of which Sir Napier complains. But he gives some figures which ought to enable even our greatest leaders to understand what their request involved. The finest of the German miracles was probably the creation of a rainy cyclonic depression over the Western Front and the southern part of the North Sea during the end of July, 1917, which they very ably worked up to a climax on August 3rd. To create this depression the Germans, within six days, deported from within a cylinder of 1,400 kilometres diameter no less than seventy thousand million tons of air. The most direct means of doing this would be by underground channels carrying the air from the central region to outside the cylinder boundary. A channel, twelve feet in diameter, leading from Ostend to Berlin, and operated by a sixteen-foot propeller, would remove 28,800 tons per day. To get the work done in time they would require 400,000 such channels. But we know, of course, that the Germans were preparing for the war long in advance, and Sir Napier shows that, supposing them to have begun when they started to speak German at the time of the Tower of Babel, they would, with a single channel, have completed the job just in time by August 3rd, 1917. It is impossible to compete with such foresight, and Sir Napier thought it wiser to refrain from asking for sufficient public money to build 400,000 channels.

It is only very high officials, of course, who believe in German miracles. But many quite ordinary people believe in the mysterious efficacy of gunfire in producing rain. During the wet summer of 1910 the farmers of the South of England petitioned that the gun-practice of the Fleet in the Solent might be postponed till they had got in the crops, which were likely to be ruined by more rain. Now, is there any reason for believing in a connection between heavy gunfire and rain? It may be possible to show, statistically, that battles are often followed by thunderstorms. But it also appears that battles are summer phenomena; and there are many summer days, not made notorious by battles, which terminate in thunderstorms. Sir Napier states that there is no *a priori* reason for supposing gunfire to influence the weather. And if cases can be given where rain does follow gunfire, can we say the rain would not have fallen if there had been no gunfire? Since systematic experiments are lacking, it is obvious that the question must be decided from general considerations. On the occasions when rain follows gunfire, is the rain unexpected by the meteorologist from general considerations? According to Sir Napier, such cases are perfectly obedient to the rules. The rain can be explained by the meteorologist without invoking the gunfire; there is no evidence of particular local variations being caused by factors outside the ordinary run of meteorological observations. Also, which of the phenomena associated with gunfire is supposed to produce the rain? There are the detonation, the thermal effects, and the chemical effects due to the combustion of so large a mass of material. It does not seem likely that the mere detonation can produce rain; the thermal effect is insignificant compared with the thermal effect of sunshine; and as for the chemical effect, that is very small compared with the effect due to the daily combustion which goes on in, for instance, the Manchester district. There seems no reason to believe, therefore, that gunfire has any influence on rainfall.

Not only gunfire, but electrical discharges, have been supposed to produce rain. The value attributed to the evidence depends, in the absence of a scientifically established connection, on one's psychology. Thus, an Australian installation for discharging electricity from kites is said to have produced, in a certain region, enough rain to fill a large tank. This is remarkable, but it is still more remarkable that the whole country for hundreds of miles round was similarly affected. The electrical discharge, therefore, if it had any effect at all, must be

supposed to have had an enormously greater effect than its advocates claim. In the same way Sir Oliver Lodge's electrical apparatus for dispersing fog in the neighborhood of his Liverpool laboratory did, on the occasion when it was used, clear away fog not only from the laboratory, but from the whole of Liverpool.

The moral is that results obtained on samples of air in a laboratory must not be extended to open-air phenomena unless the enormous difference in scale be borne in mind. To cause rain in a few cubic centimetres of air in a laboratory, for instance, is easy enough. But one millimetre of rain over one square kilometre would represent one million horse-power hours. These things are possible, like the 200-mile-long jetty which would divert the Labrador current and so protect the Atlantic steamer routes. But the 200-miles-long jetty belongs to the region of the practically impossible, and so do the proposals for controlling the weather.

S.

## Forthcoming Meetings.

Fri. 6. Philological Society, 5.30.—"Dictionary Prospects,"

Prof. W. A. Craigie.

[The Women's Engineering Society will hold a Conference at Birmingham University from Wednesday, April 11th, to Saturday, April 14th. Inquiries should be addressed to Miss C. Haslett, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.]

[A Summer School of Theology, for men and women, will be held at Oxford from August 6th to 17th. The general subject will be "Aspects of Contemporary Theology." Communications should be addressed to Rev. Dr. Carpenter, 11, Marston Ferry Road, Oxford.]

## The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### PHILOSOPHY.

**Dead.** Are the Dead Conscious or Unconscious? An Essay by E. d. + s. + k. + c. + m. + a. Stock, 3/6.

**Hayward (Charles W.).** What Is Psychology? With Sections treating of Suggestion and Autosuggestion. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.

**Huxé (Paul).** Do the Dead Live? An Inquiry into the Present State of Psychological Research. Murray, 5/-.

**Hoernlé (R. F. Alfred).** Matter, Life, Mind, and God: Contemporary Tendencies of Thought. Methuen, 6/-.

**Hudson (Cyril E.).** Recent Psychology and the Christian Religion: Some Points of Contact and Divergence. Allen & Unwin, 3/6.

**McKerrow (James Clark).** The Appearance of Mind. Longmans, 6/-.

**Ogden (C. K.) and Richards (I. A.).** The Meaning of Meaning: a Study of the Influence of Language upon Thought. Kegan Paul, 12/6.

**Pratt (James Blissett).** Matter and Spirit: a Study of Mind and Body in their Relation to the Spiritual Life. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.

**Wates (George Fredk.).** The Magic of Common Sense. Murray, 3/6.

### RELIGION.

**Bruce (W. S.).** The Psychology of Christian Life and Behavior. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 7/6.

**Coulton (G. O.).** Five Centuries of Religion: Vol. I. St. Bernard, his Predecessors and Successors, 1000-1200 A.D. Pl. Cambridge Univ. Press, 30/-.

**Petavel (Capt. J. W.) and Sen (Kiran Chandra).** Behula: the Indian "Pilgrim's Progress." Foreword by Sir Asutosh Mookerjee. Calcutta, R. Cambay & Co. (Luzac), 2rup.

**Pollack (Bishop Bertram).** Good Men without Faith. S.P.C.K., 2/6.

**Religion and Life: the Foundations of Personal Religion.** By the Dean of St. Paul's, Prof. David Cairns, and others. Oxford, Blackwell, 1/6.

**Tiplady (Thomas).** The Church and the People Outside. South-West London Mission, Lambeth Central Hall, S.E.1, 6d.

**Watts (Emie Martyn).** God's Wonderland. Hurst & Blackett, 3/6.

### SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

**Beard (C. A.).** Cross-Currents in Europe To-day. Harrap, 7/6.

**Carlton (Edgar).** Reconstructing the World. The Author, 59, Camden Road, N.W.1.

**Dalton (Hugh).** The Capital Levy Explained. Labor Publishing Co., 1/-.

**Franklin (Leonard B.).** Percentage Proportional Representation: Figures and Results, General Election, 1922. W. G. Stannard, 18, Leigh St., W.C.1.

**International Labor Office.** League of Nations, Studies and Reports: Problems and Methods of Vocational Guidance. By Dr. Edouard Claparède. 2/-.—Application of the Three-Shift System to the Iron and Steel Industry. 2/6.—Compulsory Labor Service in Bulgaria. By Max Lazard. 2/6.—Bibliography of Industrial and Labor Questions in Soviet Russia. 2/6. Geneva, International Labor Office (29, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1).

**Jeffries (J. M. N.).** The Palestine Deception. Associated Newspapers, Carmelite House, E.C.4, 1/-.

**Kirkconnell (Watson).** International Aspects of Unemployment. Allen & Unwin, 6/6.

**Liberal Magazine.** Vol. XXX. Liberal Publication Dept., 42, Parliament St., S.W., 5/-.



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## COMPANY MEETING.

### MAZAWATTEE TEA.

At the Twenty-seventh Ordinary General Meeting of The Mazawattee Tea Company, Limited, held on March 27th, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Alexander Jackson, Chairman of the Company, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said that the result of the past year's trading had been one of the best in the history of the business. Expenses continued on a high level, and the rise in the price of tea, which had become greatly accentuated, made it very difficult to keep some of their trade going on a remunerative basis. The past year's trading had emphasised the increasing

### POPULARITY OF MAZAWATTEE TEA,

for which there was a growing demand in all parts of the country. Their total turnover and business generally had been highly satisfactory.

In referring to finance, Mr. Jackson expressed the hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his advisers would see eye to eye with business men and wipe out the Corporation Profits Tax which was an

### UNFAIR HANDICAP

on all trading and industrial Companies. It stopped the development of trade, and its abolition would help to solve the unemployment problem.

The outlook for the current year was not a rosy one owing to the high markets ruling and the reduced spending power of the public brought about by excessive taxation.

The Report and Accounts were adopted, £5,000 being placed to reserve, and the dividend on the Preference Shares, also a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, were declared.

The retiring Directors, Messrs. Joseph Alexander Densham and William Roberts, were re-elected; the Auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith & Whinney, were reappointed; and a vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

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